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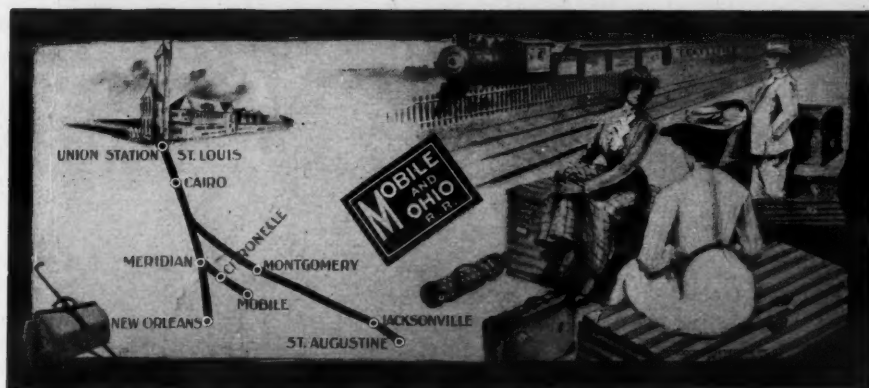
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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REFLECTIONS



Towne the Renegade.

THE commanding figure of the Hon. Chas. A. Towne is again looming up on the crepuscular horizon of political conjecture. It is intimated that he has really serious intentions. That may be. But the question is: Would he be any more acceptable to the Bryan or radical wing of Democracy than is Parker or Gorman? Towne can hardly be considered *persona grata* at Lincoln, for he has been making all kinds of money since the time the cry of "free silver or bust" was last heard in the land. In New York, he is cheek by jowl with the plutocrats. It is suspected that he has been accomplice in several profitable promoting projects, and substantially added to the wealth which Beaumont oil wells gushed into his lap. Towne must be regarded as a base renegade. The erstwhile uncompromising Populist, who used to fulminate so volubly against Wall street and the world's gold monopoly, is no more available as Presidential candidate on the National Democratic ticket than would be that bloated, self-complacent capitalist and whilom "trust buster" of the Lone Star State, the rotund "Jimmy" Hogg. These two, and many others of the "blood-to-the-bridle" times of 1893-97, have done too well lately. They have prospered under the damnable domination of the gold standard. They have been spreading themselves like green bay trees. Therefore, they won't do as Democratic candidates.



Messrs. Folk, Cook and Allen.

JOSEPH W. FOLK now needs but fifty-five votes to secure the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri. In the past week he gathered in fifty-five out of a possible sixty-five and now has a total of 301 votes. His opponent, ex-Mayor James A. Reed of Kansas City, has to his credit only sixty votes. It is quite doubtful that he will cut much of a figure in the primaries yet to be held. More than half the counties of the State have been heard from on the question and it is certain that in the remaining seventy-odd districts still to vote Mr. Folk will find the required number of votes to give him the necessary majority. But it remains to be seen just what stand Mr. Folk will take in regard to the rest of the ticket. In a number of counties Sam Cook Secretary of State, and Albert O. Allen, State Auditor, who as usual wish to succeed themselves, since nothing better is in sight, have effected what appears to be a combination with the Folk lieutenants, in the hope of winning in convention. Whether Mr. Folk will accept the gubernatorial honor with such well-known exponents of machine politics as Messrs. Cook and Allen as running mates, does not appear reasonable. An effort has been made to have the Circuit Attorney declare his views on this phase of the campaign, but his nearest approach to it was the announcement made recently that he would not "support" any candidate on the State ticket who had been tainted in any way with official corruption, or words to that effect. He did not say he would refuse the nomination should such men be placed on the ticket with him. As a result, the politicians of both parties are in the air. The Republican press of the

State seem to think that Mr. Folk has already had an understanding with the machine by which Cook and Allen are to be cared for, and are already turning their guns on him. On the other hand, Mr. Folk and his lieutenants may be playing the same kind of politics the machine were wont to indulge in, and when the crucial moment arrives may sink the harpoon into Messrs. Cook, Allen and others who expect honors from the hands of the reformers. At any rate, when the convention assembles Mr. Folk will have enough votes to control the situation, and it remains to be seen whether he will invite the lightning of his own constituents as well as his Republican supporters by accepting machine candidates as running mates.



England in Thibet.

ENGLAND'S territorial greed was never better exhibited than it is to-day in Thibet, where her troops are mowing down, with rifle and machine guns, the unfortunate natives, whose religious zeal has held them aloof from foreigners for many years. There is little or no danger now that there will be any interference with her plans. She played a smooth game to avoid it. She permitted her island allies, the Japs, to engage in war with Russia and then pushed forward the flag of her empire in the Celestial Kingdom. It is doubtful that England would have pursued such a course if Russia were able to raise a protest.



As to Grafters.

ONE would think after perusal of Mr. Lincoln Steffens' volume, "The Shame of the Cities," that the United States is the only land in which official corruption and grafters exist. As a matter of fact, Mr. Steffens is rather hard on the land of the free and the brave. When we think of the official corruption of Russia, the downright dishonesty of Spanish officials, and, in fact, those of all European countries, we at least feel that all is not lost and that the country still holds a few honest men. In Russia and Spain the grafter's work threatens the very life of the nation. Moneys appropriated for national defenses, battleships, fortifications and ordnance are openly misappropriated and not a lick of work is done. Whatever skill the American grafter may have acquired, he certainly is not as bad as the European genus. He has yet to fatten by the sale of his patriotism.



To Teach Politics.

CHICAGO public schools are to be classified into a system of communities for the purpose of teaching the pupils the workings of politics and elections. The school directors have not decided as yet whether they will install Cooney or "Bath House John" as professors of the fine art of carrying an election when ballot-eaters are scarce.



Mr. Walbridge's Popularity.

A LARGE number of the prominent Republicans of the State seem determined to force ex-Mayor Cyrus P. Walbridge forward as their candidate for Governor.

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nor. Mr. Walbridge, of course, would like to be the running mate of President Roosevelt in the next campaign, but it is not beyond all reason to expect him to give way to the wishes of the party in Missouri. It is thought his friends will call upon him to make the gubernatorial race and that he may reconsider his political plans.



Decline in Foreign Trade.

WHAT'S the matter with our grain exports? They have been making pitifully poor showings in the last few months. They are constantly growing less. Even the late reaction in the prices of wheat and corn has failed to stimulate foreign demand. Last week's exports of wheat and flour were less than a third of the outgo of three years ago. This feature of our foreign trade is well worth careful attention. It suggests the question: Are we losing ground in our agricultural products for natural reasons? It's not illogical to conclude that the excessively high prices, which have prevailed almost continuously since the fall of 1901, have compelled many of our foreign customers to fill their wants elsewhere. There had been too much rigging and inflating of prices on this side. Foreigners cannot be expected to pay any old price we may ask when there's plenty of grain to be had on much better terms in Argentina, Russia, Hungary, Roumania and India. We are not masters of the world's wheat market. Ten years from now, we will seriously feel the effects of a competition that is steadily growing more formidable. There's no bread famine in sight, the lugubrious vaticinations of Malthusian theorists to the contrary notwithstanding. The world's wheat-producing area can be vastly enlarged. Wheat-raising in South America is still in its infancy, and so it is in India, Northern China and the fertile regions of Southern Siberia. A "don't-care-what-the-consequences-may-be" sort of bull speculation in Chicago and New York is fraught with grave danger to our foreign trade. The imbecile inflation tactics of men like Brown, Sully and Armour have wrought great mischief already. They have cost this country at least three hundred million dollars in export trade. They have disgusted and alienated our foreign customers.



Our Fiscal Policy.

If Congress should appropriate the Nation's funds during the coming session at the rate it did in the last, the Government will soon be confronted with a deficit. If expenses had not been sharply reduced in the last two months, there would be a deficit at the end of the current fiscal year. Of course, Mr. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, will do his best to be able to make a half-way creditable showing on July 1st. A deficit in the Treasury, during a Presidential campaign, would place the Republicans in a somewhat awkward position. However, the Republican majority in Congress cannot evade charges of unseemly extravagance. For some years expenditures have been growing by leaps and bounds. It may be said that this Nation can afford to be lavish in its expenditures. This would be true, and to the point, if only the public funds were appropriated more generously for fundamental, vital National purposes. How much would it add to the enduring welfare of millions of our people, if river and harbor appropriations were to be raised to twice the amount they are at the present time! Too much money is spent for purposes which represent more or less of a dead waste. Our naval appropriations are rapidly approaching the elastic limit set by the British government. It may be that these are rendered imperative by the trend and exigencies of *Weltpolitik*. Yet is it not true that most of the magnificent ships built and added to our navy in the

last ten years will be out of date and, perhaps, practically useless twenty years hence? There is, at this writing, a smart, dapper gunboat in the St. Louis harbor. It was completed only a short ten years ago. Yet it is said to be already destined to be taken out of active service. If our National expenditures should continue to grow as they have been growing in recent years, treasury surpluses will soon become abnormalities. The only way to prevent deficits would appear to be additional taxation. If a Democratic tariff reform administration should step into power some years hence, it may find itself in the embarrassing position of advising the imposition of higher tariff duties as the only means to preserve a Treasury balance on the right side of the ledger. *Weltpolitik* comes high; it's incompatible with free trade. One excludes the other. This is the sorry lesson England is about to learn.



An Epidemic of Strikes.

LABOR troubles are again on the increase. This must be due, strange as it may seem, to lessening business activity. Employers, seeing their profits growing smaller, display more reluctance to grant demands for higher wages. They would be foolish if they were still disposed to show the white feather every time the walking delegate thought fit to stir up additional difficulties. To paraphrase the words of the wise man of the Ancient Hebrews, there's a time to strike and a time to work and keep "mum." This is unquestionably the poorest time imaginable to go out on a strike. To become convinced of this, one need only cursorily to peruse the weekly commercial and railroad reports. The volume of trade is

dwindling, and a multiplication of strikes would make things worse. Workingmen should recognize the wisdom of showing moderation. They should understand that they simply hurt themselves by putting the thumb-screws on their employers. Mr. John Mitchell, the president of the United Mine Workers, uttered the right kind of sentiments the other day, when he deprecated the precipitation of strikes and warned against the evil consequences thereof. Strikes are brutal and degrading. They breed discontent, and disrespect for the laws of the land. They are atavistic in conception and purpose, and destructive in results. It is an economic sword that cuts both ways. He who uses it too eagerly is apt to end by cutting his own throat. In a country like this, where the will of the masses ordains the course of legislation, lock-outs, boycotts, with all their concomitant and resultant congerie of evils, are utterly out of place. They constitute a damnable parody upon our political institutions and politics. They are a barbaric anachronism. Labor has its fundamental and accretional rights, but these do not include the right to browbeat, to coerce, to threaten, to destroy. Labor should not assume a Camorra rôle of levying tribute and blackmail. True friends of the workingman will advise him to keep within law and reason in the assertion and enforcing of his demands.



A Bas Reciprocity.

WHAT has become of the erstwhile sacrosanct Republican doctrine of reciprocity? It was but yesterday that President Roosevelt wrote about it in rapturous terms of endorsement, that he referred to it as the "handmaiden of protection." To-day, this idea of reciprocity, which, in its short period of glory and glamour, was acclaimed successively by Benjamin Harrison, James G. Blaine and William McKinley, and seemed to have developed into an everlasting, doctrinal tenet of the Republican party, is left with a bare, despicable corporal's guard of supporters. It is considered a rank fallacy, an unpardonable heresy, by most of those fickle zealots who, only a short four years ago, acclaimed it as the Republicans' supreme and patented device to take all the wind out of the sails of free traders. There may be found in Washington some political doctrinaires who still profess a sneaking liking for this quaint economic theory and earnestly advocate the conclusion of a reciprocity treaty with Canada, but they are rudely hooted down by the philistine mob of "stand-patters," who stoutly believe in the infallibility of Dingleyism. There will be no reciprocity with Canada. The Dingley tariff represents the very quintessence of politico-economic truth. Sacrilegious fingers must not be allowed to touch it. Its clauses are more sacred than the commandments of the Decalogue.



Examine the Excursion Boats.

THE recent accident on the river in which a crowd of sight-seers were caught upon the collapsing deck of a boat emphasizes the fact that the city as well as the Federal authorities should make a thorough inspection of all river craft which is intended to be used for pleasure seekers during the coming summer. A number of old steamers, packets and ferry boats have been resurrected and put in commission, purposely to catch the coin of the World's Fair visitors anxious to see the great river and its scenery. The river promises to be a great resort for the crowds that will attend the Fair in the hot months, and the authorities should see to it that accidents such as happened recently on the ferry boat do not occur. Of course there are many good river-worthy vessels to be used in the excursion trade, but all should be subjected to

A Ballade of Friendship

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

WHEN smiles deny thy inner woe
Or grief is hid in calm disdain,
Have I the right to learn to know
The secret of the inner fane?
If laughing lips the heart distract,
Am I so far from human kin,
Unworthy of the trust of pain?—
Open thy heart and let me in.

Or when the joy of June doth flow,
And tangled pleasures swift enchain,
When summer winds unbidden blow
The gladness of the summer rain;
When through each warm and fervent vein
The pulse of life is strong to win,
When in thy kingdom mirth doth reign—
Open thy heart and let me in.

Give me to share the chill and glow,
Give me to feel both spur and rein,
Teach me to conquer and forego,
Teach me to clasp and to refrain;
Nor, trusting, be thy trust in vain—
The key to that dear store within
I hold with fingers unprofane—
Open thy heart and let me in.

L'ENVOI:

Friend, though we twain may never know
When joy must end and pain begin,
By interlacing ways we go—
Open thy heart and let me in.

a thorough examination before they are permitted to take crowds out on the water.



Big Safes and Financial Collapses.

IS THE popularity of the big burglar-proof safe threatened? It would seem so. It is no longer regarded as a reliable index to the financial solidity of a business concern. There was a time, and not long since, when the public looked upon the large, strong box in the handsomely furnished corporation office as the infallible sign of solvency. It played on the imagination and presented visions of immense wealth, concealed behind its knobbed and decorated doors. It was an open sesame to the get-rich-quick clan. The Humberts, Hooley and Wright used it to dazzle the public, and placed it in the most conspicuous corner. But after its many experiences, the public has come to believe in the axiom, "the larger the safe the poorer the credit and scarcer the cash." They have seen too many of the great vaults opened by disappointed victims, so that now the speculatively inclined look with more or less suspicion on the firms with the big safes. This may drive the schemers to abandon the strong box or employ smaller ones in their business, and may lead to the use of the big vaults as hard coal receptacles.



Women, Small Boys and Cigarettes.

AN organization of women in New York have started an endless chain postal card crusade for the purpose of preventing the use of cigarettes by the small boy. The postal cards they have sent broadcast over the land, calling upon the recipients to join in a gigantic petition to Congress to suppress the evil, have stirred up new interest in the old question, whether Congressional enactment would really strike at the root of the evil. There is reason to believe that it wouldn't. The cigarette smoking small boy will be with us just as long as the example is set for him by his elders. It is a rather sad commentary that the spread of the evil should be as much due to women as to men. In fact, the use of the "coffin tack" by members of women's clubs has become so common that few new organizations are launched that do not consider the question of setting aside smoking dens in their club rooms. Moreover, manufacturers of cigarettes are engaging in keen strife for the patronage of the fair sex, upon whom it may be said, the cigarette appears to have even a stronger hold than upon man. Under such circumstances, with the example continually before him, even in his home, it is not to be wondered at that the small boy should take to the deadly "paper pipe," and by the same token it would seem that the good women who have started out to secure Congressional action, to suppress the evil, had done better to launch the crusade among the mothers, sisters, aunts, fathers and brothers of the rising generation.



Fate of the Battleship.

WE hear much from the so-called naval experts nowadays to the effect that the war in the far East has demonstrated the uselessness of the battleship as a means of offense or defense. This is all bosh. The results of Admiral Togo's torpedo attack at Port Arthur has proved nothing save that Russia is not a first-class naval power. It is questionable, if any other first-class power were in Russia's position, that Japan would have succeeded so well. The Czar's sea-dogs have been ludicrously exaggerated as able men, when, according to the best reports from unbiased sources, they are nothing more than "good fellows" who regard social triumphs, wine-drinking bouts and other similar festivities, as the real functions of

a naval officer. The neglect and lack of watchfulness and preparation displayed by the officers of the Russian Port Arthur fleet were, in a measure, as astonishing to naval men as the disasters which proved the sequel thereto. Japan has undoubtedly displayed marked ability on the sea, but there is no reason to believe that the battleships must go, because the Russians did not know how to handle theirs.



The Results.

FOR the month of March, 1904, our exports of cotton goods to China amounted to only 1,652,000 yards. In the corresponding month of 1903, the figures were 38,000,000 yards. This enormous falling off was caused by the imbecile performances of our "cotton kings." The cotton market has been injured to an alarming, probably to an irreparable extent. The evil consequences of devil-may-care gambling on a magnitudinous scale will be felt for years to come. Our cotton and wheat raisers have infinitely more to fear from the dazzling antics of high-rollers in the speculative world than from the boll weevil, locust and chinch-bug taken together.



More Professions.

A MAGAZINE devoted to the "science of salesmanship" has lately made its appearance. It speaks of the salesman's business as the "fourth profession." It goes into elaborate raptures over the fine "art of selling." We are now prepared to hear of the fine art of carrying and laying brick, the noble science of shaving and hair-cutting, and the humanitarian profession of making pants. Before the lapse of a great while, we will all be known as scientists, artists and professors. Civilization is vulgarizing and leveling everything. The man who sells neckties and collars over the counter will eventually be classed in the same category with Lord Kelvin and William Dean Howells.



Nunc et Tunc.

THE United States Government is again transacting business through the agency of J. P. Morgan & Co. Mr. Shaw, the Secretary, was in the very home and haunt of monopolists, the other day, with a neat check for forty million dollars, representing payment for the Panama Canal. The firm of Morgan & Co. is attending to the deal. So far, nobody has raised a voice in indignant protest against this dickering with the plutocratic element. Not even in Lincoln, Neb., can there be noted symptoms of a volcanic eruption over the debasement of Government functions, over the Treasury's ungodly, unrepugnant alliance with bankers and monopolists. It used to be different less than a decade ago. When President Cleveland made his historic bond sales to New York banking houses, in order to save the country from appalling economic disaster, when he perfected the plans which the outgoing Harrison administration had first formulated in the early part of 1893, what a shrill howl of wrath and protest went up in all parts of the land. The Jacobins fairly foamed at the mouth at Cleveland's dealing with Wall street bankers. Republican leaders, who afterwards rejoiced at the preservation of a monetary standard which would have gone a-glimmering but for the Democratic President's inflexible, patriotic, high-minded resoluteness, did not shrink from stooping so low as to vilify his purposes and to sling mud at his character and patriotism. In American politics it all seems to depend upon who does it, and at what time it is done. What was humiliating, vicious, damnable in 1893-96, is now considered perfectly honorable, safe and praiseworthy. No American President has been more abused and denounced than Mr. Cleveland, and that

for acts of wisdom of which he has since been fully and decisively vindicated. It was Mr. Cleveland who laid the foundations for all the prosperity that has blessed this country since the latter part of 1897. His successors in office merely reaped what he had sowed. This is the verdict that the future Tacitus of this nation's history will pass upon the policy and results of President Cleveland's second administration.



The Hill Method.

THERE are indications of growing skepticism in regard to the advisability of further increasing railroad train loads. It is being recognized that the limit has been reached. A prominent Eastern railroad man is authority for the statement that great train loads are not as profitable as they were thought to be a few years ago. It was Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, who first made the experiment of economizing by an increase in train loads. By the striking success which crowned his work he revolutionized American methods of freight transportation. All the great, progressive roads have since adopted his methods. Some of them, it would appear, have overdone the thing in their neophitic enthusiasm for Hill's idea. However, the enlargement of train loads has been an important factor in making for prosperity among our railroads. It has wrought wonders in the finances of any number of companies who, under previous operating methods, had chronic difficulties in making both ends meet. It has necessitated the introduction of monster locomotives, and a vast amount of costly track and grade improvement work.



Cry of the Old.

OLD men are still crying out against their enforced retirement from various business pursuits in favor of the younger men, but the world refuses to hear them. There is no doubt the young man is gaining the recognition he deserves, but the old one who has kept abreast of the times, is not disturbed. Experience is as valuable to-day as ever, and the old man who has progressed is a valuable asset in any business. It is only the aged lawyer, doctor, surgeon and statesman, who have no sympathy with any but the practices and forms of days gone by, who are forced to give way to the energetic, hustling youth. There are many examples of old men who have kept pace with the progress of events and the country whom no young man could really replace. They are in all professions, and not a few of them are to be found in the Senate and House of Representatives.



Our Great Fair.

THERE seems to be an impression in this burg that the World's Fair will not be a success. This impression is based chiefly, on the not very gratifying results of the first week of the magnificent enterprise and captious references to it in some Eastern papers. The "knockers" seem to be actively at work, and particularly so in this town. They magnify and transmogrify everything, be it ever so contemptible and absurd, as long as it chimes in with their prejudices and preconceptions. "Knock it," they say, "knock it!" "It doesn't benefit the lower classes of the people anyway. It's a thing that brings profits to a few big fellows only; it's a private scheme, run for private purposes!" This is the mean-souled, coarse, mole-eyed pettiness of provincialism, of the kind which has in times gone by done an infinitude of mischief to our city's interests. It represents and breathes the spirit that blights and smothers everything that is designed to promote the growth and wealth of the community. At this important juncture in the history of St. Louis, the "knocker" should and must be squelched.

The World's Fair, which is the material embodiment of the ideas, aspirations and achievements of the whole civilized world, which stands before us like a splendid vision conjured up by the potent art of Aladdin, must and shall be a success. The results of the first week cannot be regarded as a proper criterion of future attendance. Far from it. The great crowds of visitors cannot be expected within our gates until about August. It was the last four months which witnessed the greatest days at the Chicago Fair in 1893. The St. Louis Exposition will be the Mecca of Americans and Europeans. It will surpass, both in magnificence and results, all previous attractions of its kind.



A Poet's Lament.

ALFRED AUSTIN, the *poeta laureatus* of England, writes in doleful strain upon modern ideals and culture. Bitterly does he bewail the lessening demand for good poetry. He has no better opinion of our boasted civilization than had the late Herbert Spencer. "Will any one contradict," he asks, "if I affirm that material prosperity is the ideal, and wealth the very divinity of the age?" No, Alfred, no one will dare to contradict you. Mankind of this day is money-mad. It worships fervently, trustingly at the feet of Baal. There's only one God, and that is the dollar of our daddies." Poets may go hang with their crazy stuff. We are reading only such books nowadays as are apt to strengthen our belief that this is the "goldenest" age the world has ever seen. We have no mortal use for the "divine discontents," the "fine frenzies," the vague sentiments and foolish passions of verse-writers. Give us facts and figures, showing us that we are surely the people and that wisdom shall die with us. Cease thy lamenting, Alfred, and make money. Money cures everything, discontent, disappointment and heartaches. It's the only universal sure-thing panacea and we have found it. Try it! It may make a good prose-writer out of you.



Parker the Silent.

JUDGE PARKER is "up against it. On the political exchanges his stock is rapidly dropping. At this writing, Hearst's chances of success are about as good as his. The Judge's boom is likely to become a mighty small affair before the convention meets. If he were only to break silence and commit himself in some way or other. His political views are still a matter of tantalizing guess. The New York platform, which is generally taken to embody his ideas on the political questions of the day, furnishes no satisfactory solution of the thickening mystery surrounding the altitudinous figure of Hill's protege. Its adroit ambiguity is even more perplexing than Parker's unbroken silence. The Judge is the immovable Sphinx in the dreary desert of present-day Democracy. He is a striking antithesis to the verbose man if Lincoln.



Russia's Mistakes.

RUSSIA would seem to be standing at bay in Manchuria. Kuropatkin is sorely pressed and falling back all along the line. Port Arthur is cut off from the outside world and about to undergo a fierce and fatal siege. Its commander seems to be a soldier of the truest metal, of blood and iron, and determined to fight to the last ditch. But he is hopelessly outnumbered; no succor can reach him for months to come, if at all. Port Arthur will fall into the hands of the plucky, Kinetic Japanese for the second time, and, maybe, for good. Russia appears to be both outnumbered and outgeneraled. There is, apparently,

too much bureaucratic interference from St. Petersburg in the conduct of the war. The Russian commanders are not given sufficient chance to show their true mettle, to act on their own initiative, on their own better judgment. In a great war fought out thousands of miles from administrative headquarters, commanders on the field of operations should be entrusted with more than usual responsibility; they should not be unnecessarily controlled in their decisions and movements. Russia is making the same egregious mistake that France made in 1870 and the Northern States of America in the first three years

of the Civil War. Had McMahon, after Wörth, and McClellan, Burnside and Hooker, after the battles of Bull Run and Chancellorsville, been left free to conduct operations on their own individual judgments, there might have been no Sedan in the former and a speedier ending of the conflict in the latter case. The Czar should give Kuropatkin's expert judgment and discretion all the scope permissible. So far, the war, for the Russians, has been an astounding, uninterrupted series of botches and blunders. The Muscovite general staff needs overhauling; it is fossilized; it is infested with theorists and incompetents.

The Growth of Gambling and Its Manifestations

By Francis A. House

THERE have been various guessing contests in this town in recent times. All of them were but clumsily concealed devices to defraud the simple-minded and to attract the gambler. They were just as objectionable as are lotteries or any other get-rich-quick scheme. They evidenced the rising spirit of gambling in this country. They tend to confirm the impression that the average American is a born gambler. There is increasing propensity to take chances, to stake a quarter or a half-dollar in the hope of winning a few hundred. It is known that the lotteries are all doing a thriving business and paying big dividends to shareholders. In spite of the Government's vigilance, they contrive to sell their tickets in every city of the country. They cannot be suppressed, because they fill a public want. The public eagerly buys the tickets, not minding the small outlay, from month to month. Perhaps if these lottery tickets were not to be had, the love of gambling would manifest itself in another and still more reprovable form.

It would seem that recent flush times, the periodical glamorous successes of daring stock-jobbers and grain-cornerers, together with greater desire to imitate the rich, to have the pitiful, banale fame of belonging to, and shining in, the *haute volée*, constitute a few of the most obvious reasons for the alarming spread of the vice of gambling. The money aristocracy is constantly engaged in the ridiculous, fatuous rivalry of display and extravagance. The idiotically aspiring *bourgeois*, bereft of taste, tact and sense of proportion, vainly endeavors to follow the example set by the millionaire *parvenu*. And so it is up and down the line. One fool makes the other.

"Anything to make money," has become the popular shibboleth. It does not matter much how it is made. As long as you have made it, you may rest assured of the envious respect of your fellow-citizens. No embarrassing questions will be asked, if only you know how to "blow yourself" and are determined to convince every one that "money is no object" with you. No matter whether you made your "pile" in cornering wheat, or manipulating stocks, your bulging pockets will atone for all moral pécadilloes. Ah, the coin! That's the stuff! Make it, no matter how! If you don't make it, somebody else will. *Iago* was right: "Put money in thy purse!"

When the shrewd trickster launches his get-rich-quick enterprise, success is assured from the very start. Why is this? Evidently because the fool-

killer has the censurable habit of taking unduly prolonged naps at the wrong time. The society of yahooks and fools is a large one, and, when times are auspicious, multiplies rapidly. It can neither be reformed nor exterminated. For every member falling by the wayside there are ten others, each anxious to take his place.

Knowledge of this silly foible of so many men is what underlie the astonishing successes of Wall street plotters. But for the hordes of gullibles which labor under the laughable hallucination that they know something about the devious, tricky ways of speculation and that wealth may come to them over night, the New York Stock Exchange would have to go out of existence. The Wall street stock-jobber, with his senses sharpened by numberless experiments, knows just exactly how to bait his victim. Being a gambler himself, he is aware of the gambler's weakness and peculiarities. He follows the advice of the ancient Greek philosophers by learning to know himself, and afterwards using the knowledge acquired in attempts to bamboozle his untutored fellow-men.

There has latterly been discovered another and decidedly novel form of sucker-baiting in the State renowned for the erudition and diversified accomplishments of its citizens—in Massachusetts. The discovery was made by the Assistant Attorney-General of the State, Mr. F. H. Nash. This inquisitive official, after careful investigation, considers himself justified in accusing several insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts of unlawful truckling to the evil of gambling. He asserts that the offending concerns "issue, in return for instalment payments, simply a promise to repay to each investor what he had paid in, together with his equitable share of the profits, keeping back a proportion of each instalment to pay the managers of the scheme for their services. The profits are estimated to be very large, but no absurdly large sum is definitely promised. If any definite sum is promised, the time in which it shall be paid is left elastic. All contract holders share alike in the profits. If one dies during his term, his estate is entitled to an accounting. One feature is always present: If the investor fails, while living, to pay an instalment premium, he forfeits what he has paid in. The sums received from forfeitures, intended to be divided among the persistent members, constitute the largest parts of the profits. In a word, the essence of the plan is that each investor bets with every other, through the company as a stakeholder,

that he will pay his instalments promptly. It is a tontine investment scheme, conditioned upon the continuance, not of life, as in tontine insurance, but of prompt payments of the instalments."

This "Massachusetts idea" of insurance involves the plain and bold get-rich-quick principle. The originator of it must be regarded as a worthy colleague of "Baldy" Ryan and debonair, flashy Arnold. He invites people to participate in the working of a plan based on the reasonable anticipation that the majority of them will be unable to persist in regular payments for any length of time. As the Attorney-General pithily and truly remarks, each insurance investor "bets with every other." The scheme is something like that on which the instalment furniture companies do such a profitable business.

There are some prominent insurance companies who cater to the spirit of gambling by various cleverly

conceived stratagems and ostentatious inducements. They take pains, however, to keep within the letter, if not within the spirit, of the law. They would probably eschew such dubious devices altogether but for the keenness of competition which characterizes the insurance business nowadays.

Gambling seems to be an irrepressible evil. Strange to say, it is particularly virulent in highly civilized countries. Among the Latins, it manifests itself in the jai alai and lottery enterprises, and on the green cloth of roulette tables; among the Teutonic nations, in the taking of "flyers" in stocks, cotton and grain, in betting on politicians and on ponies, in what facetious cynicism knows as "co-operative investment" schemes, in fairs and euchres for charitable or social or religious purposes. John W. Gates corners stocks, the society lady plays euchre and whist for prizes, the darky shoots craps in back-alleys.

30, had in line nearly one hundred commercial automobiles.

Up to the present time this has been mostly experimental work with the big department stores and express companies. Of course, the pioneer in any department of human activity has many difficulties to contend against, and in this there have been more than the usual number of such difficulties incident to the introduction of a new system.

"In the first place, we have expected too much of the self-propelled vehicle. Let me illustrate: Take the Empire State Express, that famous engine 999. That locomotive represents an evolution of seventy years.

"Countless experiments, trials, fitting of various parts together, have gone into the making of a perfect machine. And then look at the conditions under which that perfected machine is run. It is put on two parallel, heavy, iron rails, on a perfectly ballasted roadbed, under a trained engineer.

"Thus taken on the road it does five or six hours' work. Then it is put in the shop and gone over, not by the engineer, but by a trained machinist—every nut and bolt and valve is carefully examined.

"Now, on the other hand, what do we do with an automobile? It has practically as many parts as a locomotive has. It is built and swung on four wheels—hung very close to the ground—and then sent out on our miserable highways; and hung so low that the mud and dust and sand get into its mechanism, and, of course, make it so much more difficult to keep in first-class condition.

"It is subject to all the twists, torts and strains of the road; and then it is put in the hands of an untrained man. And we expect it to run along day after day with little or no attention whatsoever.

"So, you see, it is asking a good deal for it to do, and so the automobile problem is the most difficult that engineers have had to deal with in the last decade. Nevertheless they are making great progress.

"Thomas A. Edison told me that in his judgment more bright minds were working on this problem than any other in the mechanical world to-day. He says, however, that the automobile must be made fool-proof.

"It must be so strong and perfect that any ordinary repairs may be done on the road by a darky with a monkey wrench. Therefore, up to the present time the work has been experimental.

"The American mind is if anything practical. The first question the business man asks is: Does it pay? And when the manufacturer can demonstrate that the motor car will deliver goods in safety and more rapidly and more economically and just as surely as the horsedrawn vehicle, it will be adopted universally.

"The safety and economy and rapidity have already been demonstrated. The reliability has not yet been proved. When this last factor can be demonstrated and the cost of the motor car is reduced the problem will be solved.

"We are coming nearer to that time every day, and I hazard a little prophesying that within a comparatively brief time the majority of commercial wagons will be self-propelled.

"This will mean first, the saving of the space now occupied by the horse, which in the aggregate is enormous; second, a clean and sanitary city; third, the self-propelled wagon will carry double the load in one-half the time.

"This is equivalent to doubling, if not trebling, the width of our city streets. The more swiftly you can get a vehicle through a street the more room there will be for other vehicles and the less congestion you will have."

Why the Horse is Still Here

WHILE the doom of the horse has not yet actually arrived, it is in sight. At least that is what the enthusiastic advocates and champions of the automobile believe.

They hold that this long time friend and servant of man will in the course of a few years find his occupation in the busy marts of trade gone. In cities, at least, he will be liberated from his serfdom as a bearer of burdens and a hauler of loads.

He will survive longer, of course, in the country districts, both as a drudge of all work and as a giver of pleasure, though in that field his supremacy is not for all time. More and more every year the self-propelled vehicle is coming to take the place in both town and countryside of that drawn by the four-footed creature.

No one supposes that the horse will become an extinct species so long as this earth remains a habitable dwelling place. Nobody desires that he should. Probably there will always be men enough interested in the horse as a racing animal to keep up the breed.

But townfolk in this country and in Europe are coming to realize more fully every year that in the city the horse is out of place, and is really as much a nuisance as he is a benefit.

All the largest cities are already terribly congested. They have not streets enough for their multifarious traffic, and they are growing in population and in all business activities at an unprecedented rate.

The room the horse occupies is badly needed. The dirt he causes must be done away with. He is too slow for the demands of modern business, and something better is imperatively needed to take his place. That the automobile can and will do this is now practically an assured fact.

The Automobile Club of America recently concluded an interesting experiment or practical demonstration in this direction, a complete report of which, it is expected, will be issued in about a week. Two big express companies in New York were equipped with seventeen motor wagons and asked to let all their horses rest for a week. The experiment was eminently successful. It was found that the motor cars did the work in one-half the time required by the horses of the companies and that they did it efficiently and satisfactorily.

Winthrop E. Scarritt, president of the Automobile Club of America, was one of the first men in this part of the world to become interested enough to make

a special study of the bearing of vehicular traffic conditions on the overcongestion of cities, and he says "the self-propelled vehicle is the key to the solution of the problem of overcongestion in city streets—and it is the only key.

When asked what progress had actually been made, in his opinion, by the auto in the way of putting the horse out of business, and what the present outlook is, Mr. Scarritt said:

"All we can say at the present moment is that a good beginning has been made in that direction. As an evidence of that, let me call to your attention the fact that the automobile parade on Saturday, April

BURMESE LOVE SONG

Translated into English prose by H. Fielding, in "The Soul of a People," and done into English verse by Kenneth W. Millican.

THE moon beamed on the Lotus in the night;
From their embrace was born my Heart's Delight.

The blossom opened for her coming forth,
The petals moved, that she might thence alight.

What blossom is so beautiful as she?
What dusk more downy than her face could be?

As nightfall on the hills, so is her hair,
Her skin as bright as diamond's brilliancy.

So full of health no sickness can come near;
And yet so light, so graceful, that I fear

And tremble at the breeze, lest the South Wind
Or evening breath should waft away my dear.

Her robes are rich of silk, with golden hem;
Fine gold her armlets; and a precious gem

Wears she, to deck each lovely ear, but ah!
Her eyes, what jewels can compare with them?

Proud is my mistress, proud as she is fair,
Men tremble at her pride and beauty rare.

Nowhere in all the wide world can it be
That any other can with her compare.

The Oubliette

By W. O. McGeehan

THE Brothers Naurong sat on the wall of the San Roque Church in Cavite watching the twinkling lights along the Lunetta on the opposite side of Manila Bay. Since the American invasion the Brothers Naurong had many an idle night to ponder on the prospect of their calling—rather their art. Their *cedulae personae* proclaimed them cantadors (professional singers). For their daily bread they had almost from childhood sung underneath the windows of some caballero's inamorata songs of love that would not die.

Gorgonio, the elder brother, who was the tenor, seemed to realize that the invaders were of a race who would not woo with sighs and music. "They are a different people from the Spanish, these Americans," he said. "We had better become insurrectos for soon there will be no work for us. When the Spaniards go, then goes the love of music. When these people want a woman they won't sing or sigh; they will take her."

Pablo, the baritone, laughed a deep, hearty laugh. "Love makes strong men fools. It is so with all people, and it shall always be. But what do you know of love?"

Even as he spoke them, he regretted the words. Gorgonio's face was so badly scarred by the smallpox, women turned from him.

"Forgive me, brother," cried Pablo quickly. "Those were foolish words. No one could have made such a song as that, 'I Cannot Forget,' and not know what love means. It makes me shiver when you sing

*'Even if your body lay beneath
The sickening slime within the Oubliette.
Still would I go to join my love;
Querida, I cannot forget.'*

"That is enough," said Gorgonio. "Now I will sing your song, 'La Pearla di Cavite,' which is much prettier." And he sang softly in his clear tenor of the Pearl of Cavite, the light in whose eyes rippled like the waters of Manila Bay.

"I wish I could sing it that way to Nina," broke in Pablo at the end of the first verse. "Nina is the pearl of all pearls. That song was for her."

The elder brother dropped his guitar. It clattered noisily on the stone wall. "You love Nina, then?" he asked in a voice that sounded queerly to the other.

"And she loves me, I think," replied Pablo simply.

Gorgonio picked up the guitar and strummed upon it discordantly for a painful interval. "Then it has come," he said. "The Brothers Naurong, who have sung before three governor-generals and whose music was once the talk of the Philippines, must travel on different ways."

"Why?" asked Pablo in surprise. "We can sing together just the same and you can live with Nina and me."

Gorgonio swept his hand forcibly across the guitar strings, snapping three of them. "Come, let us go to the casa," he said. "We will drink a little beno and talk it over there."

Gorgonio leaped impetuously from the wall and Pablo followed his excited brother along the pathway behind the church. On one side was a row of little

nipa huts, on the other stretched the long wall. As they neared one hut Pablo whispered, "Wait."

Both halted and Pablo stepped a little closer to the house. It was where Nina dwelt.

Gorgonio watched his brother, his heart beating so tremulously that he feared the sound must be audible. For some time Pablo stood with bared head. Gorgonio crept stealthily nearer to him. There was the flash of steel in the moonlight and Pablo collapsed, a shapeless man. Gorgonio knelt above him, holding his throat with all his strength. But there was no outcry. Filipinos at a certain age have learned what is needed of anatomy to dispose of a man silently and thoroughly.

Gorgonio lifted the body and bore it to a circular hole in the wall. This was the entrance to the Oubliette.

Gorgonio Naurong was the only Tagalo in Cavite who was not afraid to go close to this place. Even Padre Gregario, who was a man of God, said that it was accursed, and seemed perturbed when he spoke of it.

It was a relic of the days of the rack and other tortures of the Inquisition. A few hundred years previous an enemy to the Church or State would be carried to this hole and dropped into it. What became of the unfortunate only the lips of the dead designer of the Oubliette could tell. Because no one ever emerged from the place alive or dead, it was called Oubliette (forgotten).

Gorgonio thrust forward the lifeless body of his brother and slid it head foremost into the orifice. It glided downward as though jerked out of his hands. A scarcely audible gurgling sound that seemed like the far-off laughter of hideous monsters came from the maw of the Oubliette. Then there was the death-like stillness of the tropics.

Early the next morning Gorgonio crossed on the little ferryboat to Manila and sought the headquarters of the brothers Naurong at the Alhambra Cafe. Queries as to the absence of his brother came from many hangers-on about the place. The genial Pablo was well liked.

To all Gorgonio made answer, "It was sad. Foolish boy, he has gone to join the insurrectos. I tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen. The brothers Naurong are no longer. Now there is only Gorgonio Naurong, cantador. I alone will melt the stoniest heart of a woman if there be demand for such service."

There was a demand, a very urgent one, that evening. The young Spanish Quiveda of the Fifteenth Cazadores sought out Gorgonio and brought him to his casa on the lower Pasig. He gave the singer a dinner and wine—better treatment than cantadors usually receive.

"Twenty pesos," cried the captain, "if you sing to-night as you have never sung before. No, forty pesos if you cause a lattice window to open just an instant."

"Senor," replied Gorgonio quietly, "General Weyler, who had heard the greatest singers in Europe, once said that I was greater than them all. I will try to prove it to-night."

Just as the American bugles wailed taps a canoe glided into a little canal off the Pasig River. Two

Filipino boatmen shot it softly and silently under a balcony that overhung the water. The Tagalos held the canoe motionless while Captain Quiveda emerged from an awning and gazed fixedly at the window beyond the balcony. A dim light burned within.

"Sing," whispered the captain hoarsely.

Under the awning Gorgonio sang sweeter music than had ever floated over the Pasig. He sang of the blossoms that drifted on the waters, of the Celestial lake country, of beauty that was more beautiful than the Southern Cross at midnight, of love and of war.

The captain only tapped his foot impatiently. The light within the house remained dim, the casement window did not open.

Then Gorgonio sang his own song, "I Cannot Forget." As he lifted his voice in the music he felt a thrill of exultation. It was good. It would make the dying pause to listen.

*"Even if your body lay beneath
The sickening slime within the Oubliette
Still would I go to join my love
Querida, I could not forget."*

The window above opened with a faint click, a slender form in white stood for an instant on the balcony. A rose fluttered into the captain's hands. There was a sob and the figure disappeared.

Panting with triumph, the young captain stumbled underneath the awning beside Gorgonio. The boatmen placed their paddles and the canoe was soon out on the Pasig.

Now the singer was a Tagalo and many social degrees below the captain, who was a Spaniard. But the caballero wrung the Tagalo's hand fervently. "Dios! You are wonderful. You can subdue the demons of hell or reduce the angels of heaven with that voice of yours."

"That is very gratifying, senor," said Gorgonio. "Then I have earned my forty pesos?"

"Fifty," said the Spaniard, and he paid them. Gorgonio accepted the money and more extravagant compliments with apparent indifference.

As the ferry-boat neared Cavite hope and triumph beat a tattoo within his breast. Now he would win Nina with a song and—a few incidental lies.

When he walked along the wall behind the San Antonio Church he fingered his guitar nervously. Nina would expect to hear the usual duet that heralded the return of the brothers from Manila. Her first question would be, "Where is Pablo?" Well, he was ready. Taking a full breath, he struck the opening chords and burst into "I Cannot Forget" with all his soul.

She came from her casa as a bird when she hears the call of her mate. As she neared him she interrupted the song with a startled, "Where is Pablo?" Gorgonio flung his guitar over his shoulder. "He is gone, Nina. You will never see him again. He has gone to join the insurrectos. Maria Tajeda told him to go. He went for love of her."

For a while the girl seemed stunned. "It is a lie. I do not believe it," she cried.

"It is true," said Gorgonio. "He told me, his brother."

The girl sank to the ground in a pitiful sobbing little heap.

Gorgonio rushed forward and raised her. "Nina," he panted. "He did not care; I do. I always loved you—loved you—loved you. Nina, forget. Little one, beloved little one, you must be mine."

The woman struggled convulsively in his fierce embrace. With a wild effort she tore herself away.

"No, I cannot," she cried, "I loved him. I do not believe that it is true. Even if it were I could

never love you. You cannot understand what you sing. If he has gone from me I will wait until he returns. If he were in the Oublette I would join him there."

With the ferocity of a mad animal Gorgonio seized her by the slender throat. As she fell he pressed his knees against her breast. He was a wild beast for the moment, growling and foaming at the mouth.

He lifted her frail form with arms that seemed itching to tear her into bits and bore her to the mouth of the Oublette. The gurgling voice from the depths laughed like demons when the unseen force sucked in the crushed little body. After it Gorgonio flung his guitar.

"The Naurongs, cantadores, are no more," he muttered through clenched teeth.

"Music is of no value. I will become an insurrecto."

As he made his way toward Paranque in the light of the tropic dawn his own song rang jeeringly in his ears.

*"Even if your body lay beneath
The sickening slime within the Oublette
Still would I go to you my love;
Querida, I could not forget."*

And Gorgonio knew that it would mock him through all the years to be. If it, too, could only be buried in the Oublette.

"He That Eateth Bread With Me"

A Woman's Ideas of the Divorce Problem Expressed in a Novel

WHEN Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays's novel, "He That Eateth Bread With Me" (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York), begins, we find Clifford Mackemer, an upright, well-respected Chicago lawyer, under the spell of the wife of another man. He himself has been married seven or eight years. They have a son, Whitney, who is six years old. The wife, Mrs. Mackemer, is a woman of delicacy, refinement, and ideals. She is beautiful—tall, dark and queenly—a devoted mother, a tender wife, but without warmth or passion. "As she moved about the room," we read at the beginning, Mackemer seemed almost to feel the faint perfume which was as much a part of her as her smile. But that was just it—it was all so faint. He was tired of pastel tints—he wanted color, flame, the glow of the red rose in his life. Lord, how tired he was of ideals! He and she had married on them, and she had kept it up ever since."

So it happens that when Isabel Durance, a woman of quite a different type, falls passionately in love with the tall, handsome lawyer, with the magnetic voice, her conquest is not difficult. We read:

"How well she remembered that night when she had gone up to her room in the summer hotel, with her fierce heart on fire, how she had leaned out of her window listening to his voice on the piazza below, and had whispered to him in the hot breath-beats he could not hear, but which she meant to force him to feel: 'You shall love me; you shall love me!' . . . And the next day she had sauntered across the piazza, and, standing at the top of the steps, had raised her finger and beckoned him from his wife's side. He came to her, and together they strolled across the sands to the edge of the sea, and she kept him there that long, long afternoon. She laughed loud in her heart at his proud, unprotesting wife."

Of course, with a man of Mackemer's pseudo-upright temperament, open intrigue is intolerable, and he decides upon divorce. His wife half suspects the truth, and when, one night, he brings home to her a bunch of white roses, with one red rose, she determines that she will then and there know the worst. They have been sitting silent in the library together, he reading, she trying to find courage to speak. At last she does:

"Clifford!" To her terrified ears her voice sounded like the whisper of a spirit long smothered in forgotten dust; she laid her hand on the back of his

chair with an unconsciously pathetic feeling that he must help her—he, Clifford, always so sympathetic, so tender over the smallest thing alive in pain. 'Clifford, you do love me?' Why of all questions did that one slip uncalled from her lips? She could have screamed with fear of it. 'Clifford, Clifford, don't you love me?' There it was again, the eternal clamor of her heart voicing itself to him in hideous defiance of her delicate reserve.

Mackemer turned slowly in his chair as if to look at her, but his eyes remained far away in the glowing depths of the fire. For there, enhaled by the red splendor of the flame, he saw a face—Isabel's.

"Clifford!"

"Still he paused, but at last he looked full at her, and in that strange, cruel moment of contrast his whole soul flashed into fire.

"Love you!" he echoed; 'no, before God, I don't, Katharine, and I'm sorry for it, but I don't, and there's no use lying.'"

So he goes away. It is hardest for him to leave his son:

"He had been the child of ecstasy, of life's subtlest emotion, and he showed it in every line and curve of his lithe young figure; in every expression of his sweet, frank face. He was the idol of his parents' hearts, and in turn he looked upon them as little less than god and goddess."

Isabel Durance gets her divorce, and Mackemer his on the grounds of desertion, since his wife, to escape curious eyes, goes away to a little seaside resort with her boy. After a while, she sees the announcement of their marriage, "copied from a San Francisco paper." For a time, her mind struggles in confusion with the terrible fact which confronts her that "Clifford is no longer her husband," but at last she evolves a philosophy which sustains. She tells it thus to a friend:

"Perhaps you don't altogether understand me. You think that I accept it all, and that I intend now to live my own life without further heed of my husband. Oh, no!" She drew herself up. "I accept nothing. I deny that divorce. Clifford is still my husband. No law can alter that fact. Law cannot one day make him mine until death, and the next day give what is mine to another until death. When it does that it becomes a mere travesty of right and justice. He is still mine, and do you know what I think?"—he was struck by the sudden loveliness of her face, the

tenderness of her mouth, the illuminated deeps of her dark, steadfast eyes—"I think that perhaps there have been moments since he left me when he has been nearer to me than ever before. Day and night, night and day, I shall call to him, and some day he will hear me and listen. Clifford has broken his vows to me, but I have not broken mine to him, and so my marriage to him remains intact."

In another place she says:

"We all believe in the inviolability of marriage. You do, I do, the laboring man does, and the working girl. Then if marriage is what in our hearts we admit it to be, it must be strong enough to bear every wrench, to endure all things, to hope all things, if we will only trust our ideal of it. It is not for just the joy of to-day or to-morrow. If our conception of it is noble we will accept sorrow, we will bear without murmur even—even—"

Meanwhile, Mackemer is living a life of joy without alloy with Isabel, his wife in the eyes of church and law. We have this picture of marital felicity:

"When Mackemer reached home that evening he found Isabel waiting for him in the dusk, an effectively somber frame for the brilliance of the picture she made kneeling in the glow of the red fire.

"Ah, I was listening for my lord's step," she cried, 'and I never heard it.' She turned her face to him with an enchanting gesture, and when he had kissed her he held her away from him, his deep blue eyes alight.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" he murmured; 'darling, you are new to me every day.'

"She lifted her face to him again like a flower seeking the sun, and again he kissed her on her white, drooping eyelids, her hair, and last, a touch of his lips to her fair shoulder.

"A faint breath of perfume yielded its sweetness to the air as she stirred in his arms; it seemed but the very fragrance of her beauty. Oh, it was divine, this luxury of full abandonment to her, the abandonment of the man to the woman. Love—? She had discovered it for him; with her, marriage had been a series of sacraments in the scented temple of their home. And he might have missed it all! Time and again, with her loveliness languid in his arms, he thought of that."

Here is a description of this woman who had charmed him away:

"She was very tall, and carried herself with a confident demand for the right of way which was so invariably granted to her. The perfection of her coloring was that which allies itself only with the hair whose gold is tinged with red; it was the enchanting pink and white of a dimpled cherub. Her forehead was low and broad and smooth, without a line to compromise its whiteness, and beneath it gleamed the narrow hazel eyes which, once looked into, left a memory not soon to be forgotten. The thin, straight eyebrows were darker than her hair, and added strength to a face which lacked it nowhere, even in the mouth, that close scarlet line so often called sweet. Her firm chin curved slightly upward, giving her at times a charmingly piquant expression, but in that curve was expressed all the recklessness of her nature."

But Mackemer's life with Isabel is too sweet to last. Besides, there is in him "a streak of righteousness, of spirituality, which makes him sometimes almost hate the carnal life he is living."

One night she sat singing at the piano:

"He watched her with dreaming eyes, following the curve of her throat as it melted into the long sweeping lines of a figure which now, save for the rising and falling of her warm breath, might have

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been the masterpiece of a Phidias, so enchanting was her pose. She seemed to have forgotten him, but presently she slightly turned her head, and swept his face with her eyes. And in doing so she unconsciously fashioned of herself a startling reproduction of the Lorelei which hung upon the wall behind her—the Lorelei lovely with the allurements of death in her heart."

About this time the yearning to see and have his son, *Whitney*, grows strong in *Mackemer*. One day he meets him in a restaurant:

"Whit, are you well?" he exclaimed. "Are you happy?" It was like the cry of a violin under a master touch.

"Whitney buttoned his coat carefully. 'Yes,' he answered, without a glance at his father, 'I'm well, thank you; and I'm happy. But mother isn't.' Then he looked up—a flame of defiance in his sweet eyes.

Mackemer caught the boy's hand. 'Don't ever forget me, Whit. I'm always thinking of you. Some day, perhaps—'

"But there's mother," said *Whitney*. "And why don't you come home?" His voice was pitiless; he stepped back from his father. *Mackemer* flushed deeply."

The love for the boy and disgust at his own selfishness grows. Looking back into his life, the figure of *Katharine* seems pure and fine and noble. And then *Whitney* falls desperately ill, *Katharine* notifies him of the fact, and he goes to them at once. Through a long night, when the boy struggles for breath, they sit by his bedside, alone, together. "Why was it," he then asks himself, "that, faded, weary, worn to a shadow with anxiety and grief, she expressed to him all that was divinest in his thought of woman? Once, without thought, he spoke of her to the doctor as his 'wife,' and so she seemed, indeed. The other woman, *Isabel*, seemed to belong to his worse and lesser nature. Even after the night had passed, and the boy was saved, *Katharine's* influence continued to abide with him. We read:

"And as he saw her then so she remained forever after in his most enduring memory of her, when that memory had become alike the most precious and the most cruel treasure of his heart. There came to him rare mystical moments, in the heat of logical debate, in the hushed loneliness of the night, in the sudden flush of the sky into sunset flame, when he saw her beloved and lost face again, there, close to him, humanly near, with the breath of life unquenched upon her lips, and the light of enduring love in her steadfast eyes."

The crisis soon comes. *Mackemer* demands of *Katharine* that she take him back, but she, after a struggle, refuses; and he sees that she is right. *Isabel* has in the meantime borne him a daughter (hated by her from its birth, and who soon dies), and he realizes that whatever *Isabel* may be morally, she is legally his wife. He fights the matter out with himself thus:

"Why, she was a wife of his. She had been the mother of a child of his. He repeated that, over and over again to himself, insistently, cruelly. At this crisis he was no shirk. It was his duty to keep her true. He sickened at the thought of further sin for her, depths beyond anything into which she had fallen with him. She loved him, but it would not be in her nature to love him, indifferent, in the face of the next man's volcanic devotion. Now, for the first time, he felt himself strangely, terribly, charged with her salvation. Of all men—he!

"And over against all this—the unwearying cry of his soul, day and night, night and day, for *Katharine*—*Katharine* with her unstained soul looking upward out of pure eyes. Oh, God, how he needed her!

His heart was black with defilement, and only she could cleanse it. 'Was his own salvation of no account? In his despair he had sometimes a vision of her, far away, eternally removed from him in the unfathomable immensity of heaven, her blessed face the only point of light for him in a universe of darkness. And now he saw himself eternally linked with *Isabel*, forever fighting to reach that far-off heaven, and forever failing because of her. Because of her? Because of himself. At any cost let him be honest. He had no right to a heaven denied to *Isabel*."

So, while *Mackemer* feels that *Katharine* is the true mate of his better nature, he is held to *Isabel* by considerations of loyalty to her who, without him, will sink to lower depths. He compromises by visiting

his son at *Katharine's* home each week, but at last *Isabel* finds him out, and, magnificent in stormy rage, bursts in upon *Katharine*, and showers her with scorn. Before she leaves the house she is humiliated to the very dust by seeing *Mackemer* come in and hurry to *Katharine's* side (she was ill), with tense anxiety written on his face. *Isabel*, crushed and dazed, goes out, only to be conveniently killed (it is, indeed, a touch of pathos) by a passing train. And so, the reader is left to infer that *Katharine* and *Mackemer* begin life over again. The author evidently holds very strongly to the belief that a really good woman, if her husband sins, will yet remain true to him; will, for her part, demand no divorce or separation; and will, in many cases, win back her husband's love.

A Berry From Brazil

By Louis J. Stellman

"WE'LL have a little dinner at the Beach House, just to top off the day," Ormsby suggested as they walked down the beach.

"I don't know," Edith replied, hesitating, "I've got to be back before eight."

"Oh, that's easily managed," Ormsby assured. "I'm going somewhere myself to-night. I've broken one engagement now. But it doesn't matter. It's with a man."

"So is mine," said Edith absently.

Ormsby seemed much impressed.

"Indeed," he remarked politely. "Quite a coincidence, isn't it?"

She colored under the mild irony of his tone.

"Not jealous, are you?" she shot back at him.

Ormsby looked introspective. "Not after eight p. m.," he said, "but, until then the day's mine, remember, and you're part of it—the biggest part. So forget him and be good to me. It may be the last—" He checked himself suddenly.

Edith gave him a look of quick surprise.

"The last?" she repeated, "why—what do you mean?"

"Oh—er—nothing," Ormsby returned. He tossed a pebble into the sea, and watched its tiny splash with great concentration. "You see," he continued, "I may be going away soon, because—well, the editors don't seem to appreciate the fact that the greatest living journalist is sorely in need of an income; that unless they provide him with one, he'll have to pervert his wonderful talents to the picking of fruit—or something equally vulgar, because he's not fit for anything in between, you know. I've tried to explain this to them in a way, but they have neither a sense of humor nor of duty. They have blue pencils behind their ears and a blase expression. Their vocabulary seems limited to two phrases: 'Staff is full,' and 'Nothing doing to-day.' On the whole, I rather sympathize with the editors. A great many people call on them every day and each one wants something. It must be as bad as fruit picking—nearly."

He flung his mood from him suddenly, as he had the pebble. "Come," he cried merrily. "To-morrow I may find something. To-day we'll be happy, we two. Do you see the sky? There isn't a cloud in it. That's the Present. Let's enjoy it." He seized her hand. "I'll run you a race to the big rock," he challenged. And away they sped.

That was how the day began; perhaps the happiest day in Ormsby's life, for they cast restraint to the four winds, and romped about like children. In the shelter of the big rock they waded for a time and afterward built wondrous structures out of sand. Ormsby apostrophized the sea in extemporaneous verse and they chatted of little nothings and smiled upon each other and were glad.

The dinner proved a fitting climax. Women used to say of Ormsby that he ordered a dinner with the same care and artistic skill employed by a musician in composing a symphony—and he had studied Edith's tastes with probably more diligence than those of any other woman. It was not an extravagant dinner, but it was harmonious. Ormsby's half ended with a delicious; Edith's with a liqueur, the ingredients of which were only partially known to the Beach House bartender. It was Ormsby who furnished the salient feature, an aromatic fluid, a few drops of which imparted the delicious flavor and effect, which many an expert "mixologist" had tried, vainly, to duplicate. Ormsby's father, one of the noted chemists of his time, had taught his son much of the craft, and although the latter never mastered the art of analysis, he developed a hobby for compounding odd mixtures and applying them to all sorts of uses in the way of experiment. In this pursuit he had also acquired a thorough knowledge of botany, gleaned in many lands before the sudden collapse of a trust company forced him to earn a living.

Ormsby had come to San Francisco, ostensibly to break into the newspaper and literary fold; really to be near Edith, whom, in his quiet, unobtrusive way, he had loved ever since he could remember and with whose friendship, after several rejections on her part of a closer relationship in years gone by, he believed himself content. He had sought earnestly, in the vernacular of newspaperdom, to "catch on with the dailies," and to make himself agreeable, if not indispensable, to Edith. In the first particular there was no result but deferred hope. In the second, Edith's elusiveness rendered it impossible to estimate with any sort of accuracy, the degree of success. However, it was good to be near her; so good that he had refused several out-of-town offers and now found himself in the possession of a ten dollar bill—and debts to an amount he dared not reflect upon.

Edith guessed all this, vaguely, and felt a sincere interest in Ormsby's affairs. She valued his friendship, perhaps, more than anything else in life, because

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he was the only man she knew who understood her ideals and appealed to all that was finest in her rather versatile nature. She had consistently refused to marry him, because Reason told her that his temperament was not such as ever to enable him to fulfill the more practical duties incumbent upon matrimony. It was not without a struggle that the head had mastered the heart, nor would this, mayhap, have been accomplished but for inherited social ambition and an equally strong craving for the luxuries of wealth, which, in the more recent years, had been denied her, also. She would marry riches—and have Jim Ormsby for a friend. And, that Ormsby might never come to realize there were "other fish in the sea," she exercised, without intentional cruelty, all the wiles of a clever and beautiful woman.

Nor was Ormsby totally blind to all this. He knew that the man who was to have her companionship that evening would one day succeed where he had failed, and, furthermore, that he (Ormsby) would, thereafter, be installed as "a friend of the family" in order that Edith might see much of him in a perfectly innocent way. Ormsby had given this complication a great deal of thought, and, with his unfinished remark of some hours before, there had flashed across his mind the first artistic and satisfactory solution of the problem.

The latter part of the meal was rather silent. Edith gazed abstractedly out of the window, watching the sun sink into the sea. It came to her, dimly, that this had been the only day in her life during which she had experienced absolute contentment. The liqueur lent an exquisite glow to her blood that was like liquid music. Yes, for once—this once—she was entirely happy, in spirit, body and mind.

"Jim," she said softly and with sudden tenderness, "Jim, this has been a beautiful day, hasn't it?"

"Yes," Ormsby answered relinquishing his finished cigar with regret, "—and it's over." He sighed. "I see the waiter approaching with the finger bowls."

He fished in his pocket for the ten-dollar bill. He looked at it for some moments, fondly. It was crisp and new. Ah, well! it had been worthily spent. It had purchased more than millions could secure for some in the way of pleasure. And there would still be enough change remaining for a day or two—if he needed it.

"Do you know," he said as they rode cityward, "if I didn't believe in a Hereafter; if I thought death ended everything—do you know what I'd do?"

"What would you do?" she asked, quickly.

"Well," said Ormsby, "I'd make an artistic finish. I'd choose just such a day as this—with the right sort of weather, the right girl and the right place. Yes, just such a day as we've had—without one discordant note to mar its harmony. And then—after it was over, I'd go home—with every little incident a fresh and bright-hued picture in my mind—and mix myself some fragrant, aromatic drink, to end it all."

He paused. "There are such things, you know. Why, down in Brazil there's a berry—a little, red berry—that grows on a bush in the marshes. The branches are glazed, like polished mahogany, and the leaves are very bright and green. The berry itself has a spicy odor and you can keep it for years. It doesn't wither or shrivel up. If you put it in wine, it will swell, and the wine becomes clear as water. And then, if you drink it, it's very pleasant. Soon you begin to feel drowsy, delightfully drowsy and peaceful. Gradually you seem to float, as on an ether wave, higher and higher into space, until you sleep—and never wake again."

Edith was gazing at him fixedly, but he did not appear to notice.

"Yes," he went on. His thoughts seemed far away. "I tried it once, when I was down there. The Indians taught me. If you cut a berry in two it won't kill you, you see. One wakes, after several hours, weak as a cat, but otherwise all right. That's how I know—about the effect, and all that."

Edith laughed hysterically. She seemed unstrung. "Dear me!" cried Ormsby with a start, "I've upset you, Little Girl. Let's talk of something else. When are you going to marry the broker?"

But Edith did not take her eyes from his face and there was a tense question in hers.

"Jim," she asked, quickly, "Jim, do you believe in a—Hereafter?"

Ormsby smiled at her, reassuringly. "Why, yes, I suppose so," he answered. "I've never given it much thought, really."

At this point he motioned the conductor to stop. They had passed Edith's house by a block.

* * * * *

"Are you ill?" the Man inquired solicitously, when he called that night. He came nearer and looked down into her face. "You look sort of—has anything happened?"

"Happened!" Edith cried starting. She was ar-

ayed for the theater. "Happened! why—of course not." She shivered a little. "What made you say that? I've got a slight headache, that's all."

"You're awfully nervous," the Man told her, "perhaps we'd better not go."

"Go!" she monosyllabized again. Her fingers twitched convulsively in proof of the Man's assertion. "Why, of course we'll go. The idea!" And she took his arm.

All through the play Edith talked excitedly and made inappropriate replies to the Man's questions. He was in a fever of anxiety. He asked her repeatedly to tell him what was wrong. But she answered "Nothing"—which, with a woman, means "Everything, and I can't tell you."

Before the close of the last act, the Man induced her to leave, so that they might avoid the crowds. He insisted on calling a carriage. After he had followed her in and shut the door, Edith leaned back against the cushions, wearily, and closed her eyes.

Of a sudden, she grasped his arm, fiercely. "Harry," she cried, "I want him to drive to Jim Ormsby's. Quick! Do you hear, Harry? I fear something's happened. I'm afraid—oh, I don't know. You'll go with me, won't you, Harry?—and tell him to hurry."

The Man regarded her with suspicious amazement. "To Jim Ormsby's—this time of night?" he questioned, blankly. "Why, Edith! what on earth—"

"Oh, I don't care what you think," she interrupted wildly, "I tell you I must go. Do you hear me? I'll go alone—"

"There, there," said the Man, soothingly. It was not for him to question when she talked like this. "Of course I'll go with you." He arose and called to the driver. "Drive to 1006 B— street. Quick."

There was a light in Ormsby's apartment and people seemed to be moving to and fro. A buggy stood before the door. Edith questioned the youth who held the reins.

"Dunno, exactly, Lady," he replied, "man sick or something."

The door stood half-open and they entered hurriedly. On the couch lay Ormsby, apparently asleep, a smile upon his lips. A peculiar, spicy odor was in the air. Edith screamed once and fainted.

"Is he—dead?" asked the Man, excitedly.

The doctor, who was replacing his instruments, nodded.

"Heart failure," he said.

From San Francisco Town Talk.

NEW BOOKS

In Gilbert H. Chesterton's novel, "Napoleon of Notting Hill," the reader is transported a hundred years into the future, and finds London as it then will be according to the author's ideas. The King is elected on the same principle as juries are now summoned. There will be very little difficulty in recognizing in *King Auberon* the personality of a well known humorist and critic; indeed, the illustrations themselves assist the text to this end. The story concerns itself with the rise of the Borough of Notting Hill, owing to the military and administrative ability of its provost. The illustrations themselves are a remarkable and arresting feature, being reproductions from designs by Mr William Graham Robertson. The volume is from the John Lane press of New York. Its price is \$1.50.

"God the Beautiful; an Artist's Creed," by E. P. B., is soon to appear from the press of John Lane of New York. A young Danish artist, lying on the bed of a lingering but fatal illness, addresses an exposition of the philosophy which brings him resignation and content, to a chance acquaintance of travel, in a series of informal letters. The artist finds the manifestation of the Beautiful throughout the Cosmos, and looks to see all religious thought reconciled in this ideal. In the quiet spirit of optimism in which the speculations are couched, the writer shows his faith in a new and approaching heroic age, a conception quite foreign to any anemic faint-heartedness which the sick-bed source of the philosophy might lead one to expect. With this vigorous fashion of thought, but with delicacy and reverence, he outlines the evidences of the Beautiful in the arts, in life, and in the progressive conception of the Deity. The idea of God is shown to have been at various times, that of a Despot, a Lawgiver, a Judge, a Priest, a righteous King, and finally a Father. This last aspect, however, the artist holds, is addressed to a certain stage only of civilization, and he looks forward to a conception disassociated from all thought of form, age or sex. The later letters in the book group themselves in the purpose of showing how far the ancient faith of Buddhism is in harmony with the faith previously outlined, and how Buddhism could be transformed into the Religion of Beauty as the first step in reconciling all faiths in one cosmic religious system.

A rather timely volume for St. Louisans who are interested in the beautifying of the city, vacant lots and yards, is "The Simple Home," by Charles Keeler, who has done much as lecturer and writer to encourage the artistic in our daily environment in the city. "The Simple Home" is composed of a series of essays dealing with the architecture of homes, interior and exterior decoration of them, and with gardens for yard or roof in suburbs or city. The volume contains some splendid illustrations, as well as ideas, and shows how even the

simplest surroundings can be made artistic and full of meaning. The book is from the Paul Elder & Company's press, of San Francisco. Its price is 75 cents net.

"Far from the Stone Streets," by Henry and Helen Chadwick, from the press of Richard G. Badger of Boston, is a dainty volume of verse, most of which has already been published separately in different publications. The sonnets have a swing to them that renders them easily enjoyable to any lover of verse. The price per copy is \$1.25.

In "Echoes from the Home of Halleck," the author, S. Ward Loper, gives a realistic description of the environments of Fitz Green Halleck in his native home at Guilford, Conn. In early life Mr. Loper enjoyed a rare privilege in his social intercourse with the famous poet, and in these poems he gives charming references to the poet's life. He also makes prominent in these sketches much that is of historical interest in that pleasant colonial town as none but one native-born and full of love for his boyhood home could do. The miscellaneous poems in the volume are in various veins, some sad, some humorous, and others of the satirical order. The regular price of the book is \$1.50 each. It is from Richard G. Badger's press, of Boston.

"Old Shropshire Life," by Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell, from the press of John Lane of New York, contains eleven short stories, dealing principally with the life of the yeoman class of Shropshire in the eighteenth century. For the lover of Old England these little stories have a singular charm. They introduce us to the quaint early customs, which seem to have held sway in the loyal heart of Shropshire more steadfastly than in any other part of England—customs that are now entirely

dead, or fast dying out. The strange superstitions, the yearly observances of now forgotten festivals, the firm belief in witchcraft, the ceremonies of the Holy Wishing Well—these tales transport us to scenes very far remote from those of our practical twentieth century, in the New World, and the author so cleverly and graphically sketches the old ceremonial observances that their very quaintness assumes an irresistible charm for the reader. The book is illustrated, chiefly with views and reproductions from photographs, the most attractive among them being the "Ruins of the Abbey Church." The price of the volume is \$1.50.

"Cornish Ballads and Other Poems," by R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, is soon to issue from the press of John Lane of New York. Hawker, the vicar poet who rarely did anything in an ordinary fashion, conceived an odd habit of publication. Under date 7th of November, 1861, he sets the plan forth in a letter to a friend in these words:

"I have at last discovered a mode of publicity and circulation whereby I baffle the resolve of these editors that nobody shall read my lines. It is a costly but effectual plan. I print my verses at my own expense in London, get down some hundreds on fly leaves like *The Comet*, and then insert a copy or two ingeniously in letters of business when I pay an account or transmit any formal envelope, and thus my lines in a moment of surprise or curiosity are read and do become known."

This device of Hawker's has resulted in a mass of printed leaflets now much sought after by the bibliophile. The title of the first collected edition, that of 1869, "Cornish Ballads," has been returned to as more appropriate to the local atmosphere of Hawker's work than the title "Poetical Works" given to the two preceding editions in 1879

and 1899, the latter also by John Lane. The same house recently published Hawker's sketches of Cornish Scenery and Cornish Worthies under the title "Footprints of Men in Far Cornwall." The price of the forthcoming volume will be \$1.50 net.

Mrs. Cornlossel (reading letter)—"I declare, Jabez, I call this downright cruel!"

Farmer Cornlossel—"What's the matter?"

Mrs. Cornlossel—"Why, here's a letter from Amelia, tellin' me she gets help in raisin' her children from a Mothers' Club. I do believe in a slipper sometimes, an' a good birchin' don't do a child no harm, but I never used no club on my children."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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SPORTING COMMENT

GOOD AND BAD RACING FORM.

The race track rivalry in St. Louis does not appear to have stirred the management of the Kinloch meeting to renewed zeal in behalf of formful racing. The running of the first part of the meeting at the Fair Grounds does not compare favorably in the matter of winning favorites with the Union course. At the former only 37 per cent of first-choices won their races, while at the latter nearly 50 per cent came home first. Also in the matter of odds on choices more of these have won at Union than at the Fair Grounds, and the two tracks have had about an equal number of races. Judge Murphy should get busy before the Delmar end of the Kinloch meeting ends. He has witnessed some peculiar racing since the opening of the season, and up to Tuesday last not one horseman had received even as much as a warning. A feature of the meeting which does not reflect any credit where it is intended, is in the apparently unjust disciplining of jockeys for no other offense, apparently, than trying to get away from the post. Nearly a half dozen boys were fined and set down by Starter Dade for this "heinous" offense. You never hear of him fining or setting down the boy who fails to get off with the favorite. As to the apparent poor form displayed at the Kinloch meeting it is only fair to say that it may be due to other causes than dishonesty. There were a great many horses at the meeting which had no public form this season, and which were far advanced in training, despite the bad weather that prevailed here early in the spring. These were entered against animals that had performed well in the South, and on the Coast, and being fresh and ready, upset calculations and form, and besides horses campaigned on Southern tracks do not always preserve their form when they come North. There were other cases outside of this range of possibility, however, that deserved some criticism.

THE RACE TRACK WAR.

There are signs now that the local race track war, which has been a rather tame affair, with honors even since the season's opening, is beginning to assume a hostile phase. Of course the rival race tracks have been striving to get the better of each other in all ways since the opening, but until the day when the Kinloch meeting was transferred to the Delmar course, no steps were taken to make the war a costly undertaking. Since then, however, Gens. Adlerumski, Cellavisky and Tillescomski, who have been occupying the road leading to Cinchville, trained their batteries on Field Marshal Carmodyama and fired volleys of admission tickets in blocks of hundreds into his camp. Everybody who passed the lines of Adlerumski, Cellavisky and Tillescomski was pressed into service as ammunition carriers. The news of the attack was conveyed to Field Marshal Carmodyama while he was in the midst of a champagne fest, surrounded by a deputation of war correspondents and military attaches from other points, which are soon to join war

on the Adlerumski, Cellavisky and Tillescomski combination. A conference with his aides followed, and it was decided that the Unionisaki fort shall reply to the bombardment. The free list magazine, which had been locked since the second week of the meeting, was thrown open, and the prospect of a free gate is becoming brighter day by day.



THE MOST ATHLETIC NATION

With all the recent international athletic contests and the American victories at the Olympian games, we are as a race comfortably sure of our physical superiority over any other stock in the world. And we view army statistics and those of college teams with pride, and join the British in repeating the old saying that the battle of Waterloo was won on England's cricket fields.

We Americans are not as a whole an athletic nation. This is not due to physical weakness, but to the fact that our system is based on a radically wrong idea. In every school and college the main object of training is to discover a few champions. And as the season for each sport approaches, the rank and file, those who are not among the few who excel their fellows, are relegated to the grandstand to encourage the champions with their cheers.

We have come to regard education on a grand scale as a legitimate and necessary field for government expenditure, but the encouragement of athletics among all the people has scarcely yet been attempted. The only nation which has perfected such a system is Switzerland. Out of a total of about three million, 50,000 men of all ages are enrolled in athletic organizations and take an active part in their exercises.

From the day the Swiss baby begins to toddle about without assistance to the time when old age has materially sapped the man's strength, he takes an active interest in some form of athletics. In all the schools gymnastic classes are organized and are a part of the curriculum from which none but the physically unfit are excused. And the backward ones are given special attention to bring them to a condition in which they may eventually join the great athletic organizations, fostered by the government under the supervision of the United Federal Gymnastic Association of Switzerland.

In every town and village of any size are local organizations to membership in which every Swiss lad of 16 is eligible. These village clubs are represented in cantonal unions, which in turn compose the national association, under whose auspices the great athletic fetes are held.

Seventy years ago the first national athletic festival in which the different cantons took part was held at Zurich and seventy contestants appeared. Last July the meet held in the same city included 7,000 competitors. Different cities are selected in turn for these national gatherings, and between the dates of the national events many joint exhibits are arranged between local clubs or among the cantonal unions and these serve to keep the members constantly in condition.

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Director Concessions and Admissions.

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The people of every nation enjoy a pageant in which trumpets flare and bunting flies. In the days of ancient Rome the gladiatorial contests in the bloody, sawdust-strewn amphitheaters satisfied a people not far removed in time or tastes from frank barbarism. To-day in England a coronation caters to this same popular desire for a magnificent spectacle. In Switzerland the people's festival is as far ahead of England's, from a civilized viewpoint, as that nation's is an advance over ancient Rome's. The central idea of the Swiss national festival is to involve as many of the people as possible among the active participants, and for those who cannot take actual part the pageant is a source of entertainment.

The richly embroidered banner of the national organization is left with the city which has held the last exhibition. On the opening day of the next fete it is transferred by the local organization which is holding it to the city where the coming contest is to take place. Great processions of athletes march behind the club bearing the banner, and soon fill the narrow streets of the city. All the municipal officials are assembled on the gayly decked platform and receive the banner with great ceremony. The streets and windows are thronged with sightseers. In alphabetical order the representatives of each local club pour into the town canton by canton with their bands and local banners. The evening of their reception is given up to fraternizing and renewing old acquaintanceship, but the town goes to sleep at a fairly early hour, for on the second day occurs the most striking feature of the meet. The athletes assemble, each in the quarters of his union, and march to the open field where the meet is to be held. When they are massed in a hollow square, one of the local clergymen steps into the center and offers up a prayer. Then begins a mass drill of the 7,000 contestants. The effect of so vast a number of men, each clad in a close-fitting suit of white and a broad belt of dark stuff, all moving as if one mind controlled every movement, is indescribable.

Not a single order is given; a great band plays the airs with which the athletes are familiar and they are guided solely by the music. After a half hour of these exercises the contestants separate to participate in the different individual events.

Weight throwing, wrestling and "schwingen," which is a form of wrestling, jumping, the horizontal bar, the parallel bar, the horse, rope climbing, obstacle and foot races, fencing and swimming, are included in the list of contests. In addition is a competition of particular interest to the foreigner, since it is seen only in Switzerland—"gewerfen," or spear casting. On the last day of the meet another mass drill of all the contestants and members takes place, followed by the awards of the prizes to the victorious local unions and to the individual victors. As this event is to end the meet, it is made an impressive pageant. The most beautiful young women of the city are grouped about the municipal officials on a large platform, and the winners of prizes march up one by one and receive laurel and oak crowns upon their brows. Where the winner is a club, instead of



an individual, the wreath is placed on the staff of the local banner and these wreaths are preserved in cases on the walls of their home gymnasiums.

When the meet closes the athletes march from the field in the order in which they entered it, still wearing or carrying on their banners the wreaths they have won. From all the gates and roads of the city they file, each organization in the direction of its home, or to the railway station. Many of the unions prolong the pleasure of the event by walking to their homes in a body, and on the day following all the visitors have left the city and it resumes its accustomed quiet.—*H. H. Boyesen in the Cosmopolitan.*



WHEN THE MIKADO PASSES

All at once a flutter runs through the crowd, says a correspondent of the *London Daily News*; there is no jostling, no horseplay, no waving of hats, no acclamations—nothing but a sea of undulating faces as the mikado comes through the living lines to his capital. There is no doubt concerning the love of the populace for the mikado; that feeling verges almost upon reverence. As they bow again and again they repeat in low tones the cry, "Banzai, banzai," a tribute paid only to royalty. There is a flutter of pennons in the air, a flash of steel, a blending of red and white colors over the blue points of a line of lances, a clatter of hoofs, a jingle of spurs, and a cavalry escort comes into view, their tiny ponies tossing their heads and prancing in answer to the touch of hand or heel. The men are small but strongly made, their blue-black tunics, with red facings, their red riding breeches, and black top boots giving them a mart appearance. As the cavalry passed on the mikado came into view, a man of medium height and pleasing expression, with a bearing of grave dignity which became him well at such a period of his country's history. The people bent lower and lower, making a profound obeisance to their royal master, and the incident ended.



THE BEASTLY RESEMBLANCE

Mr. Pugnose—"What? You will not marry me?"

Sweet Girl—"Impossible."

Mr. Pugnose—"But you seemed to love me once. Your eyes brightened at my approach; and often when I sat silently gazing at you I am sure you were greatly agitated."

Sweet Girl—"Yes, I know; but since you have cut off your side whiskers you don't look so much like poor, dear, dead and gone Fido."—*Tit-Bits.*



"That man," said Bleacher, indicating the home player who was coaching vociferously, "is the new infielder they've signed, but he'll never do for second base."

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed Dudley, who was witnessing his first game, "is he supposed to be singing?"—*Philadelphia Press.*



A small fortune—\$5,000—a fine smoke. All for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

MUSIC

THE EHRLING RECITAL.

The feature of the recital given by twelve of Mr. Victor Ehrling's disciples on Saturday afternoon at Bollman's pretty hall, was the playing of Miss Ella Wolff, a young pianist of great promise. Miss Wolff played a strongly contrasted group of piano pieces, consisting of a characteristic composition by Poldini, entitled "Zigeuner Novelle," Dubois' graceful "Les Abeilles," and an elaborate paraphrase by Pabst on themes from Tchaikowsky's opera, "Eugene Oneguine." Miss Wolff displayed temperament and imagination in the first number, while the second gave evidence of fleet, well equalized fingers and hands in the rapid scale passages, and great delicacy of touch in pianissimo staccato chords. The operatic paraphrase served a purpose in exploiting to the fullest extent the young pianist's technical skill, but the value of the composition is not commensurate with its difficulty. A bounding waltz theme is well developed, but the piece is over-elaborated, and has many patches of bald passage work.

Miss Minna Niemann's performance of Raff's "Spinning Song" was one of the most commendable numbers on the programme. The young lady played with absolute clarity and delightful tone quality in her melody work.

Miss Ida Zahn, Miss Cecilia Moeller, Miss Hirshfield, Mrs. Acker and the other participants on the programme gave a good account of themselves. In several instances extreme nervousness prevented the young pianists from doing themselves full justice, but the careful and skilled guiding hand of their preceptor was in evidence throughout.



STRAWBERRY DESSERTS

In one of the many restaurants they are serving a simple but dainty dessert, called "Salade de fraises." It is no more a salad than a brandied peach is a pudding, but it looks pretty, tastes good, and is digestive and inexpensive. To prepare it place in a glass bowl or dish—they use individual, low glass bowls like finger glasses at the little restaurant—a dusting of powdered sugar, and if desired sprinkle over it a dozen drops of any liqueur. Then half fill the glass with fresh pulled strawberries and cover them with claret. Through its very simplicity this *bonne-bouche* finds favor with most persons unless they are white ribbon wearers.

Creamed strawberries are good, too. To prepare them dissolve half a box of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water. Add three cupfuls of boiling water, one cupful of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Stir thoroughly and strain. Let the jelly set—it should be only half as firm as most jellies—then stir lightly in one quart of fine sweetened strawberries and one large cupful of whipped cream. Nearly fill custard glasses with this mixture and put on each a spoonful of whipped cream. Serve very cold.



A mother found her small daughter shut in a closet. "What are you doing in the dark, baby?"

"You said God was watching me all the time, so I thought I would come in

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here and give Him a rest."—*J. Cooper Calvert in Lippincott's Magazine.*



HER FIRST

A small boy, aged five, had a step-mother who was young and nervous. She had never had experience with children, and the small boy's slightest ailment tortured her into a panic.

Croup threatened one day, and the doctor was sent for in wild haste. As the doctor entered the room the child raised his head from his pillow and croaked hoarsely, in apology for the hasty summons:

"You must excuse her, doctor, this is the first time she's ever been a mother."—*Helen Sherman Griffith in Lippincott's Magazine.*

THEY QUIT EVEN

A red-headed man met a bald-headed man on the street one day. The red-headed man said to the bald-headed man:

"Huh! there don't seem to have been much hair where you came from."

"Oh, yes," replied the bald-headed man, "there was plenty o' hair, but it was all red, and I wouldn't have it."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*



BEFORE AND AFTER

"O George," complained the young wife, "it was nearly midnight before you got home last night."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her husband, "you women are so inconsistent. Before we were married you didn't care how late I got home."—*Philadelphia Press.*

SOCIETY

Among the long list of the week's entertainments in honor of the World's Fair and the visitors it brought to St. Louis from other countries, the most interestingly delightful was the dinner which Dr. Herrmann Tuholske gave to Count Limburg-Stirum and Dr. Karl Kaiserling, both of the German capital. Count Limburg-Stirum is the Commissioner General of the German Educational Exhibition at the Fair, and Dr. Kaiserling the director of the German Medical Exhibition. Both are representatives of the highest educational-interests and the sciences connected therewith. Dr. Kaiserling is a Pathologist of international name. To meet these gentlemen and become acquainted with them over a delicious menu served in Dr. Tuholske's hospitable home, he had bidden his daily colleagues in his own professional life, the members of two local universities, who represent the academic and medical education of these institutes. The doctor's guests were Chancellor W. S. Chaplin, of Washington University; Prof. F. Louis Soldan, Superintendent of the Public Schools of St. Louis; Drs. Gustav Baumgarten, P. Gervais Robinson, H. M. Spencer, W. A. Hardaway, William C. Glasgow, Bruce N. Carson, Robert Luedeking, Henry Schwarz, Paul Y. Tupper, Robert J. Terry, of the medical department of the Washington University; Drs. Frank J. Lutz and J. J. Freeman of the medical department of St. Louis University and the following academicians: Profs. Otto Heller, H. Lovejoy and F. W. Shipley, and Drs. Williams S. Deutsch, Ernst Jonas, Ernest Saxl and M. J. Stein.

The opening of the official household of the Board of Lady Managers last Monday afternoon at the World's Fair was also the occasion of a reception tendered principally to Mrs. David R. Francis, who, however, was prevented from attending because of illness. The gathering was noted for the many titled

foreigners in attendance, among them Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, the Princess Hohenlohe and the younger princes and princesses.

The latest distinguished arrival is ex-Queen Lilluokalani, of Hawaii, who is a guest at the Inside Inn. The former Queen is accompanied by Princess Kallanianohe, and will be joined in a few days by her son, Prince "Cupid," who is a delegate in Congress from Hawaii. The royal party will remain several weeks.

In the party which came on for the Fair with Prince Hohenlohe are Mrs. and Miss Borgniss, of Munich, Bavaria. Mrs. Borgniss was formerly a Miss Jay, of Washington, D. C. Her father was Chief Justice John Jay.

Mrs. Douglas Cook gave a charming reception for her guest Mrs. James E. Sullivan, of Providence, R. I., last week. Mrs. Edward L. Preetorius assisted her mother. Mrs. Sullivan is a member of the Board of Lady Managers, and will leave in a few days for her Eastern home, to return later for an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cook will sail for Europe in a few weeks, where they intend to travel for several months.

Two of New York's society leaders, Mrs. W. N. Sloan, and Mrs. L. Sloan Orcutt, her daughter, are among the guests at the Hamilton Hotel. Both will remain several weeks in the city visiting the Fair. Mrs. Orcutt will give a reception next Wednesday, May 18, at the beautiful new residence of Mrs. Jas. Green, in Lindell boulevard. Mrs. Dore Lyon, of New York, another distinguished visitor, will be the guest of honor at this function.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Benoist gave a dinner to Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Glennon last Friday evening. The guests to meet the two church dignitaries were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Faris, Mrs. Jane Lindsey, Miss Mary Boyce and Mr. Philip Scanlan.

The gentleman's dinner, which Mr. Hugo Reisinger, of New York, gave to Dr. L. Lewald in the German Government Pavilion last Friday, brought together the most distinguished foreign literary men now in the city. Almost every guest was a well-known journalist from abroad.

Mrs. Charles Bland Smith, of Lindell boulevard, is entertaining Mrs. E. S. Bowen, of Philadelphia, who is a sister of Archbishop Ryan.

Mrs. Finis Ernest of the Board of Lady Managers, has with her her daughter, Mrs. J. O. Reber, one of the handsomest young matrons of Salt Lake City.

Miss Belle Haldemann, one of the smart belles of Louisville, Ky., and a sister of Messrs. Bruce and Will Haldeman, is the guest of Mrs. L. V. Newman, of 4225 Delmar boulevard. Miss Haldeman will remain till the International Press Congress meets, and return to Louisville with her brothers, who will be here to attend the Congress.

Mrs. John W. Loader, who has been with her daughter, Mrs. Alonzo Morgan Zabriskie, for several months, returned

Mrs. Joseph Traunmiller, of 4353 West Pine boulevard, is entertaining her sister, Miss Wally Lademann, of Villa Uhrig, Milwaukee, Wis. A number of

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smart entertainments are being given in honor of Mrs. Traunmiller's World's Fair guest.

Mr. F. G. Niedringhaus and his daughter, Miss Eleanore Niedringhaus, left Monday night for New York. Mr. Niedringhaus is never happy to go away

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

Wedding Presents

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Lamps, Bronzes and Marble,
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on a business trip unless he is accompanied by one of his daughters. home. The Loaders are at the Lorraine Hotel, until later in the year, when they will again take possession of their Lindell boulevard home.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Watson Brooks have returned from their honeymoon and are settled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett S. Brooks.

Miss Mary Thatcher of Kansas City, Mo., is the Fair guest of Miss Helen Noel, of Delmar boulevard.

Mrs. Howard Kemper Gilman, of Lindell boulevard, has returned from an extended journey in California and Old Mexico, on which she was accompanied by her children.

Mrs. George Warren Brown and her little son, Wilbur, left Sunday night for New York, where they will remain for at least two months. They will be located at the Plaza.

Mrs. A. D. Brown and her daughter, Miss Ruth Brown, left Monday morning for a fortnight's stay at Boston with Mrs. Brown's mother.

Misses Bertha and Grace Semple are in Cincinnati, attending the music festival there.

Miss Fontaine Jones returned from Suawnee, Tenn., and will leave again in a few days for New York.

Mrs. Charles Palms, of Detroit, Mich., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius S. Walsh.

Miss Suzanne Frances Napton is the Fair guest of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Bab-bitt, of Washington boulevard.

Two engagements among fashionable folk were announced lately. One is that of Miss Mary Peckham to Mr. Graham Wilson. Miss Peckham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osgood H. Peckham, of Westminster place. The betrothal announcement was formally made at a tea given by Miss Mildred Stickney, at which Miss Peckham was the guest of honor.

Miss Edith Nipher, daughter of Prof. Francis A. Nipher, of Washington University, has announced her betrothal to Mr. Harry Pollard, son of Mr. H. M. Pollard, of 3501 Washington avenue. The wedding will take place during the last days of May.

Mrs. Arthur W. Lambert, who has been sojourning at Eureka Springs for several weeks, returned for the opening of the Fair.



The Bride: Mike, you shouldn't have come out in this storm, in your new shoes, the lightning might strike you and destroy them. *Mike:* If it does, Mary Ann, there are more at Swope's, where I bought these. Swope's store is 311 N. Broadway.

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Gold-Filled Ladies' and Men's, \$8.50 up.
Boys' and Girls' Watches \$1.00 up.

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DRAMATIC

The Century Theater's offering for the week is Henry M. Blossom's "Checkers," which made such a lasting impression in the fall and has been played with unqualified success in all the largest cities of the country. That Mr. Blossom is essentially a playwright has been fully demonstrated and more is looked for from him after this good work. Managed by Henry W. Savage, staged with fineness and taste, and with a cast thoroughly capable, "Checkers" will undoubtedly prove a re-winner of public opinion for the clever St. Louisan. Thomas W. Ross has his old part, which made either him or "Checkers" famous; Dave Braham is the tout, and May Vokes has a fantastic comedy part. "Checkers" is booked for a two weeks' run at the Century Theater.



"Erminie" is in its second week at the Olympic, the engagement terminating next Saturday night. Not since the days of Pauline Hall has "Erminie" been presented by such a noted cast as that which includes, besides the delightful Mr. Wilson, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Marguerite Sylva and other good people.




Fritzi Scheff, the vivacious Viennese opera singer, whom Mr. Conried engaged for his metropolitan season just ended, will be heard for the first time in St. Louis at the Olympic Theater next week. From Mr. Conried's management she passed into the hands of Charles Dillingham after a comic opera, "Babette," was written for her, which had a long and prosperous run in New York. That no less a composer than Victor Herbert considered it worth while to write Miss Scheff's starring opera is good ground for believing that she is a real comedy prima donna. "Babette" will also have a two weeks' run at the Olympic Theater, and if Mr. Pat Short could be persuaded to persuade Miss Scheff to give us a week of "Die Fledermaus," nobody doubts that he could top off the engagement with the goldenest kind of a golden halo for Miss Scheff and the box office.



"York State Folks" is such a pleasing drama that the patrons of the Grand Opera House are as eager to see it on its second visit as they were on the first. It is an excellent commentary on public taste that a play so free from villainy, so delightfully wholesome, appeals on every visit to enormous crowds. The quality of the company presenting it has much to do with its great success. A more evenly balanced company is seldom gathered together than the present one. It fits splendidly into the stage picture of plain, every-day people, with every-day joys and troubles which are never over-colored, but portrayed as they are in real life.



"The Moonshiner's Daughter," the attraction at the Imperial this week, is a sensational melodrama of the Kentucky mountains and the feuds which have made so much history in that part of the country. One of the exciting scenes in the play is the battle between revenue officers, who are entrapping





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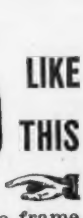
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moonshiners at their desperate game. Numerous specialties are put into the drama, one of the best being the Kentucky Quartet. Next week Victory Bateman will be seen at the Imperial in "Camille," which she has made part of her repertoire.



At Forest Park Highlands Eva Tanguay is the bright particular star of the week's vaudeville spread. This clever little soubrette is on the best of terms with her audiences, who well remember and appreciate her good work in "The Chaperons." Quite a fine bill of specialties is offered for next week. The most sensational of all acts that have plowed into vaudeville is that of Staley and Birbeck, who are the headliners. A mere description of this specialty is out of the question. It must be seen and heard to be appreciated. Laura Millard, former prima donna with the Castle Square and other opera companies, is the vocalist of the programme. Kelly and Violet have not been seen here in several years. Mazus and Mazette can always be depended upon for plenty of fun. The Salvaggis are Parisian novelty dancers, and Gadder, Lavelle and Lefevre are classed as America's greatest trick cyclists. The Helter Skelter and Katzenjammer Castle, two of the most remarkable new amusement devices, are now in running order. The new circle swing will be swinging in a few days.



The New Majestic Burlesquers are the entertainers at the Standard Theater this week. Two startling burlesques, "King Popo," a travesty on "King Dodo," and "When I was King," are the jollities of the show. In the olio are Marie Barrison, the Musical Craigs,

Harvey and Walker, Carew and Hayes, and Farren and Fay. Next week "The Gay Masqueraders" will masquerade at the Standard in good comedy and with many clever specialty people.



BEAUTIFUL DELMAR.

Delmar Garden remodeled and improved in many respects, is proving a great gathering place for the Fair visitors, and the homeguards who like to



A man was asked: "Do you think it is likely to stop raining?" He answered: "Well, it always has."

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Since most St. Louisans have found it advantageous to be MacCarthy-Evans' customers, it is a fair wager that you will also find it to your advantage to get into MacCarthy-Evans' clothing every time the need of new attire gets in your way.

One of our \$30 Serge Suits would look mighty well on you.

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while away a pleasant afternoon or evening. It is as popular as ever, has attractions for old as well as young. There are no less than fifty novelties to entertain the patrons of this place, and a free band concert is given every afternoon and evening. All street cars transfer to Delmar Garden. Olive street and Page avenue and Suburban cars run to the gate. The garden is just across Skinker road from the World's Fair Grounds.



"Whatever are you children doing?" "Oh, we've found pa's false teeth and we're trying to fit them on to the baby, 'cos he hasn't got any!"—Punch.



A HYBRID

The older members of the family having departed in gala attire to attend a wedding, the two year-old Elbridge inquired of Sister Helen, aged five, "What is a wedding?" "I'm afraid you're too young to understand," was the worldly wise reply, "but it's something between a funeral and dancing school."—Harper's Magazine.



It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

INCIDENTS AT DINNERS

Wilkie Collins was once a guest at a large dinner. His host presented him to the lady whom he was to take in to dinner, but neither caught the other's name. During the course of the meal the lady began to talk of novels. Mr. Collins listened languidly. Said the author, later: "The lady's method of criticism divided the works of my colleagues into books that she liked and book that she hated. On my side I made such polite answers as are consistent with proper attention to one's fish, and I really thought we three—I mean the lady, the fish and the present writer—were getting on very well, when she suddenly turned on me, like a person inspired with a new idea, and said: 'I hope you don't like Wilkie Collins' novels?' The enviable faculty which can say the right thing on the spur of the moment is possessed by few people, and I am not one of that quick-witted minority. The nearest visible refuge I could see presented itself under the form of prevarication. I had only to remember that I had written the novels, and the reply was obvious: 'I haven't read them.' After dinner, the lady was told, casually by her hostess, who her tete-a-tete had been. The former was angry, and insisted that a well-



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bred man would have mentioned his name. Mr. Collins persisted in claiming for himself the modest merit of good intentions. He wished to save the lady embarrassment, he said; but he did not say whether he succeeded in making his peace with her or not. The curious thing was that when asked by the hostess why she disliked Mr. Collins' books the reply was: "Oh, how should I know?"



Scene—Dinner party at house of millionaire.

Prosperous Barrister (recounting his career): "When I took my first brief I was excited and nervous, especially as my client was a bad egg; but then I was beginning to practice. He was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted, so I took up the case and got the rascal off."

After dinner an important personage entered. He was a great friend of the host, who presented the lawyer to him.

Great Personage (patronizingly)—"I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman; I met him long ago—in fact, I may say I gave him his start in life. I was his first client."

The roar of laughter that followed was never explained to the late comer.



A male Malaprop is said to have asked Sidney Smith this question, at a dinner table: "Aw, Mr. Smith! Do you know in which of his journeys around the world Captain Cook was killed—his first or his last?" Sidney Smith looked up quickly. "I believe it was on his first voyage," said he; "but he doesn't seem to have minded it much, for he immediately set out on his second!"—The Diner Out.



"Well, Robbie, you've got a new little sister; she just arrived this morning," said the proud father.

"Do we get any trading stamps with her, Pop?" asked little Robbie.—Yonkers Statesman.



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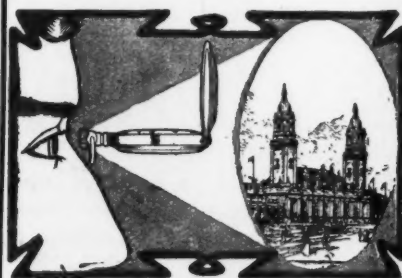
WE want every man to know that because we sell the best, it should not be thought we are high in price. Every day we see by actual comparison the proofs that we give greater value in quality and immeasurable superiority in workmanship and style.

Why need any man accept less elsewhere, when here, easily and pleasantly, the best is assured. The exacting requirements of our patrons, among whom we number the most eminent professional and business men, is the best evidence that our clothes must be high in standard and unquestionably correct in fashion.

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Seventh and Pine.

"PINK CHINA"

"Silliest fool I ever met in my innocent career," drawled Tarpen, "was a fellow called Pink China."

As the rest of us had been discussing "Chivalry" in our youthful and rather inflated manner for what, probably, had been to Tarpen a very dull half-hour, we looked up a little surprised at the irrelevance.

"Tell," said Denny laconically. The rest of us roused ourselves sufficiently to gape with something which in a lower temperature might have become expectancy.

We were lounging, five civil servants of his majesty's government, on five indifferently comfortable chairs, in what are bombastically termed the "government offices" in Roujee. The heat outside was visible—quivering; so was the thick dust on the ridgey road. The atmosphere—well, we didn't talk about it, especially at meal times. Inside the "office" we seemed to be the heat itself—concrete, and thirst personified. We deprecated the blood in us which raised the temperature, and a lighted cigar would have been a crime, before sundown.

And here we had to lounge till the (probably unimportant) message, which had checked three of us on our journeyings further into the country should be followed by the message which should start us again.

To us youngsters, brought together for a few days, with the chance that we might never come across one another again, as, indeed, we never had before, it at once seemed better fun to listen to the story of a fool from a comparative veteran of some standing than to reveal our own barren little pasts. So that which stands for an eager expression in this land where languor checks much facial exercise stole over our placid features.

"They shouldn't send out plain girls to India," complained Tarpen, in slow, absent tones.

In the pause which followed I suddenly remember a man's gossiping to me one day about Tarpen's wife. How every one wondered at the time why Tarpen—the fastidious—had chosen

such a plain girl out of all the lot who seemed ready to die for him; how amused they all were when Tarpen came back from his honeymoon absolutely devoted to his bride; how the plain girl, devoted to match, took it all as quite a matter of course, and never guessed that nobody else took it so; how Tarpen, as time went on, became a regular dog for fidelity, and was always restless and moped when he had to leave the woman who was, every one agreed, "plain as a pikestaff." It was funny after this to hear Tarpen himself on the subject of plain girls.

"Just as I always have the notion," drawled on Tarpen, "that a fellow who wears glasses must be deaf, I always had a sort of vague idea that plain girls didn't fall in love."

"Good idea, too," remarked Denny.

"H'm!" ejaculated Tarpen.

"Well, but where does Pink China come in?" I asked. "And what's it to do with plain girls?"

"Pink China," said Tarpen, "came out. So did a plain girl. And Pink China loved the plain girl."

"Well, then," I protested, "in that case—"

"But the plain girl," continued Tarpen, "didn't love Pink China—and a good many of us were amused by these facts."

"A 'good many' usually are in such cases," remarked Denny, with the bitterness of experience.

"And we smiled rather heartlessly at Pink China."

"I can believe it," said Renny.

"But Pink China was quite indifferent."

"Good."

"Then one day, being in a jocular mood, I thought I'd try another tack. I flirted with the plain girl for all I was worth."

"And Pink China?"

"Was no longer indifferent."

"Ah!"

"Nor—was the plain girl." Tarpen's face grew less nonchalant. "Silly fool," he muttered. (We hoped he meant Pink China.) Then he fell thoughtful.

"Well?" asked Sieveright.

Tarpen did not answer for a minute;

he languidly swirled the seltzer at the bottom of his glass, and looked at it absently.

"I didn't think he'd take it that way," he said at last. "One evening he came to my bungalow, and he might have been rechristened 'White China,' for all the color there was on him. I thought he'd probably been overdoing it at the dance the night before, and I began chaffing him! 'Well,' I asked him, with a sort of sepulchral solemnity, 'does she love you, Pink China?'"

"No," he declared fiercely, 'she doesn't.'

"Oh," I said, with mock earnestness, 'better ask her to be sure.'

"I have asked her," he thundered, 'and I am sure. I'm sure of something else, too; she loves you. And I'm sure of something more; you shall marry her, or I'll kill you. She's broken my heart—she couldn't help it. But you shan't break hers. You shall swear to me here and now that you'll ask her to marry you; or, I swear, here and now, I'll kill you.' A bit sudden; but, by Jove, he meant it."

"Well?" we asked.

"Well," said Tarpen, slowly, "there were only corkscrews in the room, and Pink China had locked the door and thrown away the key. So—it was corkscrews at first."

Tarpen tilted over his chair, helped himself to some more tepid liquor, drank it, and again fell to swirling the remains round the bottom of his glass as he recalled the scene.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed at last, and we could see his hand shake. "I wonder if any of you kids can imagine what it's like to face a mad boy—and a corkscrew. At first I wanted to laugh; but the beastly twisting thing looked so hideous—it wasn't a laugh that came when it sounded. I declare to you as I passed round that bare little hole of a room, I kept seeing my own heart, with a corkscrew twisted in it. It made me sick. When we'd danced round one another till I couldn't stand it a moment longer, I cried 'Stop!' and we stopped."

"Will you swear?" he demanded.

"No," I said, 'I won't; but if you will

play little games of this sort, we'll have penknives, please.'

"So we got out our penknives, and as mine was the longer, we drew them with our eyes shut—and I drew my own."

"Then you went at it again?" I asked, eager to know the end.

"Then we went at it again. Poor little Pink China! It was rather ghastly. He'd always been a decent little sort; good boy, too; pious little chap, really. And there he was just lusting for blood. He meant to kill me. He meant it dead on, no mistake. His very eyes were red with the blood he saw. But my knife was the longer."

"Well?" we demanded, wrought up now past caring for heat, or drinks, or dust, or delay. "Go on!"

"Ugh!" said Tarpen impatiently. "Sorry I remembered the old business again. It was rather ghastly."

"So I should think. But what became of Pink China?"

"Pink China, rather thinner, and with no complexion to speak of," replied Tarpen reflectively, "is at—well, he is at present in the most God-forsaken station in India, working like ten niggers at ennobling the native in his lair—during the short intervals between his fevers and agues."

"And you?"

Tarpen swirled the last mouthful of seltzer out across the dust ridges, where it dropped "pat," and didn't show. Then he rose and yawned.

"I?" he said, nonchalantly. "Oh, I married the girl."—*London Onlooker.*

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"Yes," he replied with a sigh, "when I'm well I eat in French, and when I'm sick in Latin."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Holdtite—"Dr. Kurem Awl says I must spend six months in Europe. What shall I do?" Mr. Holdtite—"Get another doctor."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

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PENSIONS FOR LIFE SAVERS

Along the Southern New England coast the duties of the life saver are known to every observant person and the men in the service are looked upon as heroes, so the plan to pension the men of this service has general approval. With nearly a round million of pensioners on the roll, and a bill of disbursements under this heading footing up to nearly \$140,000,000 a year, the country is in no mood to listen patiently to new pension schemes of a general nature; but this disposition will not prevent it from favoring in advance the proposition to have a bill passed by Congress granting pensions to old and disabled members of the lifesain serie c abled members of the life-saving service.

No class of men in the public service, with the possible exception of firemen in cities, has such difficult and dangerous duties to perform as the life-saving crew duties to perform as the life-saving crews along our coasts, and no class is composed of such faithful, hard working and deserving men. The regular pay is meager in comparison with the actual value of their services in saving property, to say nothing of saving life, where the value is beyond estimation. According to the records of the life-saving service, the amount of property saved since the introduction of the system, in 1871, to the present year was more than \$170,000,000, while the number of shipwrecked persons succored in the same period was 21,680. Behind these figures lie stories of heroism and self-sacrifice as glorious as any in the annals of our race. The debt which the country owes to many of these men no money can ever repay.—*New London Day.*



WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES

The famous remark of Governor Zeb B. Vance of North Carolina to Governor Wade Hampton of South Carolina, "It is a long time between drinks," made at a gathering in the '70's, which was responsible for the familiar question, "What did the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of South Carolina?" is to be made use of in a novel manner by a North Carolina man in connection with a hall clock.

Ordinarily, the timepiece would not attract more than ordinary attention, but each time it strikes a change takes place. First of all, this inscription, resting between the portraits of Governor Hampton and Governor Vance, files into place just below the face of the clock:

.....
: What did the Governor of North :
: Carolina say to the Governor of :
: South Carolina? :
:

A moment later a door drops at the foot, disclosing a well stocked wine closet.



"A nice husband you are!" said madam in a passion. "You care less about me than about those pet animals of yours. "Look what you did when your poodle Azor died."

Husband (quietly)—"Well, I had him stuffed."

Wife (exasperated)—"You wouldn't have gone to that expense for me—not you, indeed!"—*Tit-Bits.*



PROSPEROUS ARKANSAS CITY

Stuttgart, Its Business and Some of Its Business Men.

There is no city in all Arkansas that is enjoying the share of prosperity that has befallen the busy citizens of Stuttgart.

This place is booming, and it is one of the prettiest spots in the State, as well as an advantageous location for business.

It has now a population of 3,000, and the two railroads that enter it are constantly carrying in more people. There are two good hotels in the town, and nearly every branch of manufacturing is represented.

There is need of a laundry in the city, in fact, the people are clamoring for one, and a number of new factories are expected to be built there this summer.

Real estate is a booming business in Stuttgart. It is conducted by honest men who have the interest of the city and citizens at heart. Among the prominent dealers in land are F. W. Houston, Swan & McGahhey, Hall & Fagom, Selig & Wilcox, Balle and Tallman, W. M. Price, Jr., & Co., A. Boysen and A. A. Tindall.



BIG SALARIES OF WOMEN

There are 400 women in New York, some young and some not, who have salaries bigger than United States Senators. Mr. Rockefeller's secretary's annual income is \$14,000, and the young, or at least not old, woman who occupies a similar relation to H. H. Rogers, also a Standard Oil magnate, drags off \$10,000 a year. These girls all begin as stenographers. Then they are found to possess the necessary good sense and diplomacy to answer routine letters without calling the boss of the job to their aid. Later they are found to be competent to handle delicate matters of business, and then the boss begins to rely on them. He may be at his country place, fifty miles out of town, and he will telephone the office. The secretary tells him what's doing, and then he will probably say: "Well, use your own judgment in this matter and that." He usually finds that "her own judgment" is good. So it happens that many of the big things reported in the financial columns of the daily newspapers are really negotiated by the young woman secretary.



Irate Parent—"Tell that young Soft-leigh that he must cease his visits here. I forbid him the house."

Daughter—"But, papa, he doesn't want the house. It's me that he's after."—*Tit-Bits.*



Harry—Oh, cheer up, Harriet! Listen to that merry little bird warbling on the fence.

Harriet—Well, dear me, if I had been

south all winter I could sit on the fence and chirp too.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*



TOO MUCH BRUSHING TEETH

"Not one person in fifty seems to fully understand the care of the teeth," said the dentist as he adjusted the rubber dam in the mouth of his victim and thus prevented him from talking back. "The average person uses a brush too much, and not too little, as is generally supposed. Once a day is quite sufficient, and even then the brush should not be rubbed directly across the teeth, but up and down, in order to get into the crevices. Twice a week is quite sufficient for tooth powder, which is hard on the enamel. Rubbing the teeth with an orange-wood toothpick is very good treatment, for the wood is pliable and keeps the teeth white and clean. Before retiring a strand of silk is excellent for removing anything that may have lodged between the teeth, but the brush should be used only once a day—in the morning."—*Philadelphia Record.*



"A girl's life," she said bitterly, "is made up of anticipation and regret."

"Anticipation of what?" he asked.

"The marriage ceremony."

"And regret of what?"

"The same thing—afterward."—*Chicago Post.*

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AN ACTRESS' LOVE AFFAIR

The curtain had been run up; the play had begun. There was a hush in the house. Every one was settled comfortably or uncomfortably as the case might be, according to the locale and the price paid, but nevertheless every one was there, for it was a very important first night indeed.

"Behind" the call boy was tearing his hair.

There was no need, for each individual member of the company was quite as sensible of the gravity of the situation as he, quite conscious of his or her particular importance upon this particular horizon, but it was the proper thing to do, and he did it.

Men and women, clammy handed with nervousness, stood about at the entrance waiting for their cues.

Meanwhile, in her little dressing room close to "the side," the leading lady was standing before a long glass. She rubbed a powder puff over her face while the dresser arranged the lace on her bodice.

She was an exquisite picture—a modern to the finger tips—a tall, slim woman with haunting eyes. The puff seemed to caress her soft white throat as if it loved it.

There was a light knock on the door. The dresser looked up into her mistress's face and the mistress looked into the dresser's face, while the red blood mounted, showing pink under the make-up.

The dresser opened the door softly and went out.

"Have you come to wish me luck?" asked the beautiful woman, turning from her reflection to look into a man's gray eyes.

"Yes, and my luck is your luck, Laura."

"And mine yours," she answered, smiling.

Both her hands were in his, and they trembled.

"You are nervous?"

"Terribly. If I should fail and spoil your play?"

"It is that very nervousness, love, that tells me you will not," he answered, bending to kiss her hair.

He would have taken her in his arms, but she gave a little cry.

"Are you mad, George? Look at me!"

And he did look, and his eyes were full of love.

"You ought to be in front, you know. Why, you're missing it all—the first night of your own play. Do you realize the gravity of it?"

"It doesn't begin until you come on," he answered. "You are the play and the play is you."

"Then good luck to us both," she said, earnestly.

A knock at the door.

The call-boy stood with staring eyes and hair on end.

"Not a wait?" gasped Laura.

"No, miss, not quite," replied the boy.

The dresser was on his heels. She lifted her mistress's train from the ground and followed her out into the wings.

The house was very quiet.

"It is going well," she thought. Her

lips moved softly in a little prayer. She was unknown. No one had heard whether she was clever or not. There had been no previous paragraphs to raise the faintest expectation. There was no vulgar big-lettering of her name. The house was there to see the play, for George Templeton was looked upon as the coming dramatist. There was a vague interest among a few of the jaded critics as to who Laura Hebden might be.

"New blood, of course," said one.

"Always acceptable," murmured another.

"We shall see," said a third.

"Seems to me some one told me Templeton's engaged to her," exclaimed a fourth, sotto voce.

"Lord help us!" whispered another.

"What a risk! She'll probably damn the thing."

No one knew that but for her the play would never have been written; that the man hidden behind a curtain in the stage box with eyes riveted upon the door where she would enter owed inspiration, everything that was best in him, to the touch of her soft fingers and the light of her dark eyes.

When she entered there was no applause, no sound of greeting.

She glided slowly and noiselessly on to the stage, and the house looked in wonder at her beauty, but expressed itself in silence.

Laura had caught the glow in her lover's eyes; she needed no more than that.

The act was nearly over when she appeared.

At the lowering of the curtain some applause and a hubbub of voices. People leaned over one another's stall. Critics knotted themselves in groups to ascertain one another's feelings. The impression left by the first act was decidedly questionable.

"Well, what d'you think of her?" asked one.

"Early days," answered the other.

"Fine eyes!"

"What a voice!"

"Graceful!"

"H—m!"

"Wait!" suggested a cynic.

People hustled to their places and once more the house was still.

About half way through the act some one coughed. Several angry faces were turned toward the offender suggestive of extermination. The crime was not repeated.

At the end of the act the curtain had to be raised a dozen times. The excitement in the house was tremendous.

George Templeton walked on air to the door of Laura's dressing room. On being admitted he found her with face flushed and shining eyes.

"You are magnificent!" he cried.

"Oh, no," she said softly, "it is you who are magnificent. I only echo you."

"And what an echo!"

She had been perfectly sincere, but it hurt her, even then, that he did not contradict her.

"You must go," she said quickly. "You know I have a tremendous change here and there's not much time. You may kiss me."

The third act was the great act of

the play, and Laura's almost entirely. She wore a long, sweeping dress, having in it the dull, changing lights of abstinence. It was a quiet, terrible scene. There was no tearing a passion to tatters. It was played almost all through in a whisper—at twilight.

The hush in the house was awesome.

At the end of the act it rose as it had never risen—so said the oldest playgoers there—since the days of Rachel. There had been a silence first when the curtain was lowered, a silence more eloquent than any applause could be. Then the wild, pent-up excitement burst forth simultaneously and lasted so long that when it died people lay back exhausted in their seats. The critics looked at one another in astonishment.

"A great night," said one.

"The actress of the future," said another.

"She has yet much to learn."

She has that which can never be learned."



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And so on, and so on.

Laura hoped that George would have come round to tell her what he thought or to congratulate her, but she was disappointed. She supposed some one had prevented him. She needed encouragement, sympathy—his sympathy—always.

The last act was short, quiet and sad.

When the play was over the enthusiasm was again tremendous. Laura had to respond to call after call, and stood, beautiful and pale and happy, bowing before them. The fashion of flowers is over, but the extravagant praise meted out to her was better than flowers, better than diamonds, better than anything the world could give her except the praise of her lover.

At last she reached her dressing room through the crowds of people who had gathered at the side to greet her—strangers, enthusiasts, lovers of art.

She heard shouts of "Author! Author! Speech! Speech!"

She seated herself in a low chair by the fire and closed her eyes.

It did not seem real; nothing seemed real. Shut in her room she did not hear the hurricane of hisses that greeted Templeton and drowned each hesitating word he had to say.

Presently the knock came that she knew. She looked up at her lover from her low seat, noticing how pale he was and how his lips twitched. She put out her hand to him.

"Poor fellow!" she said. "It has been an awful strain."

He took no notice of the hand. She drew it back again quickly.

"It has been a wonderful success, dear," she said gently. "You are a great man now, George."

She tried to smile up at him, but he looked so strange and white.

"Are you ill?"

He had not spoken a word, nor did he answer her now.

"No," he said at last, passing a hand over his forehead in an abstracted way. "I am not ill, thank you, and I must congratulate you upon your performance to-night and thank you for saving the play."

He spoke strangely.

"I save the play! Why, you are jesting, George!" she cried with a little incredulous laugh. "The play was safe without any help from me. You know that well enough."

She rose and laid her hands upon his broad shoulders.

"Aren't you glad it's gone so well, dear?" she asked, coaxingly, but he made no answer.

"Kiss me."

He spoke imperiously, but she kissed him, and his eyes were hard and cold. She drew back, alarmed.

"Have I done anything to displease you, George? I have a horrid feeling about my third act. Did I overdo it? Did I?"

There was a pause.

"Answer me."

"No, you saved it. Can I see about your cab?"

"Thank you, no; one is ordered. George, you're not—surely you're not?"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Say what you were going to say," he whispered fiercely.

"I'd rather not."

"I suppose you think I'm jealous. Ha, ha! Jealous! I! Do you imagine I could be so petty?"

She was silent.

"Answer me."

"How silly you are!" She was half hysterical and feeling weak after the strain of the part. "How utterly, utterly silly!"

"Many thanks; you are most gracious."

"Will you send my dresser to me, please? I am anxious to get home."

"May I see you to your cab?"

"No, thank you?"

"You are unkind."

"Am I?"

"Yes."

He made a movement as if to take

her in his arms, but she stood rigid and cold before him.

"Will you send my dresser, please?"

"Certainly."

"Good night."

"Good night."

The dresser found her standing in her long gray, clinging dress. She was very pale and her eyes were looking far away. She was twisting a diamond ring listlessly on the third finger of her left hand.

As an actress Laura Hebdon shone but for a little space, though while she shone she dazzled. Already she is forgotten.

At its height she flung success aside, sinking her identity beneath a coronet.

There are those who say she wears it as no other could.

And there is one who heard her sigh.

It may be that she finds it heavy.—

London Tatler.



SOME OF THE MEANEST MEN

These stories of mean persons are collected by an English newspaper:

A millionaire and his wife who were shown through a building at Windsor the other day handed the attendant a half-penny. It was explained that it was the only copper the millionaire had, the other coins being all silver! There are ways of becoming a millionaire, and also of remaining one.

The story is told of a grocer who, when retailing a quarter of a pound of jujubes, cut one in half with a ham knife in order to make the balance true. A grocer had been handing a woman a few sweetmeats when she squared her weekly account. One night she asked what was the value of the sweeties. She was told. She mentioned that she did not care for sweetmeats, and preferred if he would give her the value of them in sugar.

There was a sensation in a Glasgow street the other evening when one man was seen pursuing another at a break-neck pace. The pursued, much the smaller man of the two, leaped onto a passing car. The pursuer leaped on almost at his heels, and, seizing the runaway by the collar, the two rolled off the car together, onto the street. Deeming it was a thief who had been caught, a crowd collected. "What was he doing?" asked a man as the two struggled to their feet, the larger tightly grabbing the smaller. "Ach, the mean hound," he gasped. "I stood him a glass o' beer along there, an' he was bolting without standin' me yin. But I'll watch him." And he marched off his man.



TIGHT LACING IN GERMANY

The German Empress is said to be suffering from the effects of tight lacing. This story is easy to believe in view of the extent to which the practice prevails among her countrywomen. The German idea of a small waist is, however, quite different from that prevailing here. American women seek to present a small waist line to the view of the person who faces them. The German, on the other hand, draws her corset strings tight in order that she may have

a small waist line when one views her in profile. But this difference in the ideal of corsetted beauty does not lead to any less pulling on the strings. They must be drawn as tightly as ever.

The waitresses in the South German beer restaurants, who are compelled to work from six o'clock in the morning until long after midnight, are apparently not inconvenienced by the rigidity of their tightly drawn stays, although it is surprising to an observer that they should be able to move about, much less stand on their feet for so many hours.

The German actresses, who lace themselves with the same idea of looking narrow when they stand in profile, are usually unable to move except from the waist down with any degree of grace or ease, so tightly are their stays drawn. The servants in small families are equally addicted to the habit.—*New York Sun*.



"Of course, Mr. Brutle may have his faults, but he's exceedingly swell."

"What! The man is nothing but a common wife beater!"

"Oh! not common, not at all common. He always beats her with a gold-headed cane."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



"Do you remember," asked the teacher, "how many people came over in the Mayflower?"

"I don't remember now," replied Johnny, "but pa says there musta been about fifteen million, unless there's a

PURITAN

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whole lot of liars in this country."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



Easy money. \$5,000 for ten cents. Smoke up. Ask your cigar dealer.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

THE STOCK MARKET

The past week's trading in Wall street was on a wearisomely small scale. Nothing occurred to inject anything like a semblance of life into it, news being of indifferent character, or, if at all favorable, only negatively so. The professional element has everything its own way. It is very doubtful, however, if it feels inclined towards elation. Its rule is not disputed in any way, because nobody cares or sees any particular reason to dispute it. The banking interests do nothing to encourage a revival of active bull speculation. Money is temporarily plentiful, because there's less demand for it. The interior banks continue to send surplus funds to New York to be loaned in Wall street. This should indicate that business activity is falling off gradually even in the South and West. No incentive to livelier speculation can be noted anywhere at this time. While every one of influence expresses a comfortable sort of opinion as to the trend of affairs, no one seems to be willing to suit action to the thought.

Former speculative leaders are in a strangely quiescent state. They are apparently firmly resolved to let matters drift a while longer. Perhaps they intend waiting until the investment market gives signs of returning confidence among the public. It's the investor Wall street is waiting for. As long as he continues to attract attention by his inconspicuousness, no bull campaign can be successfully inaugurated. There has been investment buying for some time, but not in volume sufficient to justify a resumption of manipulations on an ambitious scale in Wall street.

The sale of bonds by the city of New York, the other day, afforded a few grains of comfort to the disheartened and thoroughly disgusted bulls. The price at which the securities were taken was slightly above expectations, and therefore promptly led to the inference that the investment market is at last on the mend again. That the price was fair cannot be doubted, yet it would be rash to attach much importance to it. The most logical conclusion that can be drawn from the sale is this: That investors are disposed to shun speculative,

untried securities, and to confine their purchases strictly to municipal and other first-class issues. Whether this conservative and commendatory attitude should be construed as a bull argument or not, is an open question. For the present, it is impossible to diagnose this feature understandingly. That there's lots of money awaiting profitable employment cannot be gainsaid. Late bank reports have made this sufficiently evident. This plethora of capital is, however, offset by financial and industrial suspense and suspicion. People do not seem disposed to take risks; they have no confidence in the stability of present values; they have been taught and trounced in such a drastic fashion in recent times that it will take something more than the customary "hot air" talk and professional words and wiles to lure them back to the speculative market. In this connection it should be observed that during the times of most intense depression ten years ago, municipal securities commanded a pretty good price and could readily be marketed. In times of doubt and distrust the "sure thing" is deservedly most in demand.

Our old, distinguished friend, the garulous Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, whose intellectual brilliancy, moral obtundity and speculative perversity we have had numerous occasions to cogitate and comment upon in these columns, has again come to the fore in the last few days. He is thirsting for revenge, it would seem; he is in decidedly ugly mood, and determined to make it hot for some of his erstwhile cronies in profitable practices of deception. He has threatened to unbosom himself, to reveal everything connected with the promoting of that stupendously fraudulent enterprise known as the Amalgamated Copper Company. Tom should be tempted and encouraged to give us the facts, the full truth and nothing but the truth. He should know many things, the disclosure of which would surely impart a "liberal education" to many a fellow still obsessed with the idea that there can be such a thing as honesty in Wall street. The Copper Trust was born and bred in riotous iniquity. Its career has been unsavory, wretched and disastrous for everybody but the insiders. Methods were followed in its launching, in the marketing of its shares, that would have put the brazen Hooley and the treacherous Hawley to the very blush. The Amalgamated was one of the most imposing and most skillfully wrought *chef d'oeuvres* of the disreputable era of precipitous swindling promotion. By all means, Tom, own up! Do not deceive us for the 'teenth time with vain "bluffs" and bombastic threats. Let's know what you know!

Gold is still going to Paris. Almost \$30,000,000 has already left our shores. This gold should come handy at Paris in the flotation of the new Russian loan. The New York banks experienced a sharp drop in surplus reserves last week, the loss amounting to almost \$10,500,000. Loans, at the same time, increased by more than \$21,000,000. They now foot up to about \$1,075,000,000, a sum that should suffice to make many a would-be giddy-headed bull put on his thinking cap and take a seat away back on the

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directors were soon to fall in line with the announcement that they also considered it best for the interests of their concern to cease making the figures of earnings public. Why should the investor know anything at all about the affairs of the company he is interested in? He is nothing but an "outsider" anyway. If he complains, the only answer he deserves is that which William Vanderbilt once gave a bothersome newspaper reporter.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

St. Louis Transit cut quite a swath in the St. Louis market latterly. There was considerable steam up at times. Buyers were eager and fairly numerous.



Our Safe Deposit Vaults afford complete protection against fire and burglary. Boxes \$5 and upward a year. Silverware and other bulky valuables stored at low rates.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
TRUST CO.
FOURTH & PINE STS. ST. LOUIS

The advance was caused altogether by the opening of the World's Fair. The company is expected to profit handsomely in the coming six months. Considering the state of speculative feeling in St. Louis and the prevalent disposition to go by appearances, it would be futile to comment at length upon the movements of street railway issues. If you feel like buying, buy them; if you don't, don't. That's all that can be said about it.

Transit rose to 14½, then dropped back to 14, and is now quoted at 13¾ bid. United preferred gained about two points. It sold at 59½ at one time. At this writing, it is quoted at 58½ bid, 58¼ asked. The 4 per cent bonds are also higher. The last sale was made at 81½.

Lindell Railway 5s are offering at 104¼; Cass Avenue and Fair Grounds 5s are quoted at 102½ bid, 103 asked. St. Louis Brewing 6s are offering at 96¾. For St. Louis City 4s, due 1918, 105½ is bid.

Simmons Hardware common is quoted at 95 bid, 96¾ asked. There is quite a little demand for it. The first preferred is firm at 120 bid. For National Candy common 11 is bid. It has been significantly weak in the past few days. Central Coal & Coke common is offering at 63; 62½ is bid. For Consolidated Coal 18 is asked.

For Lincoln Trust 197 is bid, for Missouri Trust 116½, for Mercantile 334½, for Commonwealth 232¾. Third National is offering at 291, and Mechanics' at 273, with 270 bid. International bank scored a good rise. At this writing, 196 is bid for it. For American Central Trust 150½ is bid. Taken as a whole, trust company and bank shares have not been much in evidence in the past week's trading.

Money still rules at about 5 per cent at the local banks. Sterling exchange is steady at \$4.87¾. Clearances last week showed a small decrease.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

W. K., Jacksonville, Fla.—Better drop your Western Union. It's a lame duck. No reason to look for a sharp advance in it. Think you have held it too long already.

Subscriber, Little Rock, Ark.—Keep out of Tennessee Coal & Iron. No dividend in sight for it. Let go of your Brooklyn Rapid Transit on first little rise. Better hold on to your Illinois Central.

L.Y.T., Macon, Mo.—Wouldn't advise investing in Leather preferred. Company still in arrears on dividends. No capital adjustment can be carried out at this time.

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925-1,000 fine—the best produced.
A large showing of handsome
designs for every use.

Our prices—the lowest.

F. W. Drosten

Seventh and Pine.

X. X. X.—Take your profits on Union Pacific common. Yes, you might buy Rock Island common on a sliding scale, in case of a drop, to even up. Seems to be only way for you to crawl out of a bad hole.

L. L. T.—Would recommend holding and margining up. Cannot consider it altogether hopeless.

PALAIS DU COSTUME

The "Palais du Costume" continues to be the attraction on the Pike at the World's Fair. Women are raving over it. It is the most complete exposition of the world's costume, from the fig leaf to the handsome jeweled and embroidered gowns of to-day, ever gotten together. Here are to be seen the oldest and latest creations of the world's greatest costumes. It cost nearly \$1,000,000 to collect the immense exhibit. Not only are there magnificent gowns, but the most artistic creations of milliners are included in the exhibition. One gown alone of sable and gold is worth \$50,000. This and others of equal artistic effect and intrinsic value are shown in the scenes presented at the Palais, representing the ancient courts of Rome, Egypt, Lapland, Japan, China, London, Paris and the Byzantine period. The gowns and millinery effects are displayed on living models, who have been specially engaged because of their singular beauty of face and form. As an index of the progress of civilization in all parts of the world, the gowns of the "Palais du Costume" are not surpassed by any other display at the Fair. This great show was seen by thousands at Paris, and afterward at London, and it is the intention of the world-renowned costumer, M. Felix, who designed it, and collected the rare specimens to present it after the Fair in other large cities of the world.

THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH

At the recent Dresden exhibition of German civic life was exhibited a photograph which is said to be the largest one ever taken. This gigantic picture measures 30 feet 8 inches by 4 feet 11 inches. It represents the Bay of Naples and was taken from Castle San Marino, the highest point behind Naples, from which the eye commands the whole city and bay as far as Mount Vesuvius and Capri. In order to secure as extensive a panorama as possible, six different views on as many plates, measuring 8.1x10.5 inches, were first taken. From these six plates, which were designed with a view to being connected to one another in a continuous series, six enlargements, 4 feet 11 inches by 6 feet 7 inches in size, were prepared by means of an apparatus with a lens one foot in diameter. The enlargements were made directly on silver bromide paper.

OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS

From "The Light of Scarchy," by Agnes and Egerton Castle:

It is bitter in misery to recall past misery—almost as bitter, for all Dante's cry, as to dwell on past happiness. But, be the past really dead, and a new and

More
Time
at the
World's Fair
if You
Cook
With
GAS.



better life begun, the scanning back of a somber existence done with forever may bring with it a kind of secret complacency.

From "In the Year of Jubilee," by George Gissing:

It is seldom that an heroic crisis bears the precise consequence presumed by the actors in it; supreme moments are wont to result in some form of compromise.

To have acted with stern resolve is always a satisfaction, especially to the man conscious of weak good nature, and condemned for the most part to yield.—*The Gleaner.*

MEN AND CLOTHES

There are some men who look like ready money with their clothes on, but they are pitiful spectacles when seen clad only in a smile and a diamond ring. On the other hand, there are men like unto Apollo when disrobed who are simply ridiculous when they are "dressed up." A New York correspondent says he saw James J. Corbett the other night in a hotel lobby in New York, and he was dressed within an inch of his life. He wore the regulation evening clothes, but they did not sit becomingly on his great frame. At the gymnasium Jim is a fine sight to look at. His skin is white as marble and his muscles are long and pliable. If breechclouts suddenly came into fashion for evening wear he would be right at home. This is true of most professional athletes. That great bullfighter, M. Roberts, is a sickly, sallow little wisp of a man in his street clothes, but in the costume of the matador he is simply

great. The acrobats who perform in the vaudeville are mostly the same. Clothes cover up their real perfections, and they look awkward and ill at ease in public places.

Mother—"Now, I want you to keep as far away as possible from that Jones boy. He's the worst one in your school."

Bobby—"I always do. He's at the head of the class all the time."—*New York Globe.*



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HE AND SHE

They had quarreled, and this was what she thought she would answer if he made any overtures toward penitence:

I am very sorry, Dicky, but I do not see how I can forgive you. I see now that we made a mistake in ever fancying we were made for each other. How much better it is to discover such a mistake in time. Imagine if I had married you, and you had shown me your true character—too late. It is far better thus. I feel regret in parting from you in this way, but after all, remember the whole thing was your fault. I have your letters tied up ready to return to you, and here is your ring. I will send the rest of your presents later, by express, all except the flowers and candy-boxes, which long since were destroyed. Good-bye. Believe me, it is all that we can do, to part friends.

What he thought he would say, if she repented of her harshness:

Forgive you? There was never anything to forgive. However, we made a mistake. I see now that you never truly loved me. It is better to part before we make any more errors. I shall always think kindly of you, and will lay the whole miserable business to Fate. The course of true love should run smoothly. I don't believe in anything else. Without trust, there is no love. So good-bye—we can meet in public as if we were still friends. I will send your photos back to-morrow. Good-bye.

What she did, after shedding quarts of tears over his dear old love-letters:

She wrote:

Dicky dear:

I was too mean for anything the other night. We were so hasty—but I am so very sorry if I hurt your feelings. I did not sleep a moment that night, and have cried so much since that I am positively hideous. Do ring me up at once and tell me you aren't angry, dear.

Mamie.

He had just sent a big box of American Beauties to her, with a card.

On the card was:

I was a brute, Mamie. dear. Can you forgive your penitent *Dicky.*

She had just taken down the receiver to call him up, when his voice, on the other end of the line, was heard:

"I must speak to Miss Gibbs."

"Oh, Dicky, dear!"

"Is that you, pet?"

"Yes, darling."

"When can I see you?"

"I am going to tea this afternoon, but will be at the Smiths' ball to-night."

"Save all your dances for me."

"Of course. Come early."

"I'll sit on the doorstep till your cab comes."

"And you mustn't dance with anybody else"

"Not a soul but you."

"Good-bye, dear. I must go now."

"Good-bye, darling—a thousand kisses till we meet."—*The Telephone Girl.*

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Bye—"Have you any low evening gowns?" *Saleslady*—"Low cut or low price, madame?"—*Boston Post.*

WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Of all the sayings and the saws we hear—

The precepts and the proverbs, new or old,

While many fall like folly on the ear,
A few are weighted well with Wisdom's gold,

And oft some philosophic treasure hold.

Their little homilies guide many lives;
When over smooth or rocky roadways rolled,

We must sit silent when the devil drives.

When through the gloom the lights of home appear,

To welcome us across the wind-swept wold;

When 'round the blazing hearth we gather near,

Safe-shielded from the tempest and the cold;

Then, while some song is sung or story told,

Fate, from the freezing world without arrives

And like a wolf glares on the sheltered fold;

We must sit silent when the devil drives.

The future may be faced without a fear;
If through the past not blindly we have strolled,

It often lends a light to lead us where—
Havened in peace, our griefs shall be consoled;

Though Destiny by Fate is oft controlled,

Yet when the heart upholds the hand that strives,

Fortune and Fame may be o'er Failure scrolled,

Though we sit silent when the devil drives.

ENVOY.

Prince, many a man for years hath been cajoled

And buffeted by Fate, but still survives;

But till we slumber softly in the mould,
We must sit silent when the devil drives.

❖ ❖ ❖

A FIRM STAND

The mild business man was calmly reading his paper in the crowded trolley-car. In front of him stood a little woman hanging by a strap. Her arm was being slowly torn out of her body, her eyes were flashing at him, but she constrained herself to silence.

Finally, after he had endured it for twenty minutes, he touched her arm and said:

"Madame, you are standing on my foot."

"Oh, am I?" she savagely retorted.

"I thought it was a valise."—*Dippincott's Magazine.*

❖ ❖ ❖

"You hold my future happiness," he told the girl. "Why don't you hold it yourself?" she asked, coyly.—*Chicago Post.*

❖ ❖ ❖

A \$5,000 cigar for ten cents may mean \$5,000 in gold for you. Ask your dealer.

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A Golden Opportunity—Within the Reach of Every Resident and Visitor of St. Louis.

There has been deposited in the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, which amount will be given away next October 12th.

This small fortune will be directly within the grasp of every man in and around St. Louis who smokes, and indirectly every man, woman and child in the city.

It is but natural and fair to assume that this magnificent sum will not be given away simply for philanthropic reasons, but the conditions and requirements governing its disposal are so easy that it practically amounts to a gift.

The World's Fair Management has set aside October 11th next as Missouri Day, upon which date it is expected the people of the grand old State will turn out en masse to do honor to the World's greatest exposition.

To estimate the number of paid admissions to the Exposition on this day will require considerable skill, yet will afford no little interest, inasmuch as the sum of Five Thousand Dollars will be paid to the person making the correct or nearest correct estimate. Should there be more than one correct or nearest correct estimate, this sum will be equally divided between the persons making such estimates.

The conditions governing this contest of skill are essentially as follows:—

The Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis, are placing on the market a new brand of 10 cent cigars, known as the *\$5,000-Cigar for Ten Cents*, a piece of goods of highest quality, and the equal of any and superior of many cigars now retailing for ten cents.

With each and every purchase of a *\$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents*, an official estimate card will be given by your dealer, on which card estimates must be made. Full instructions as to the manner of making estimates will be printed upon these official cards. You have only to buy one of these cigars, make your estimate, and enjoy your smoke. Every time you smoke a *\$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents* you tighten your grip on Five Thousand Dollars.

It must be apparent to any intelligent mind that the *\$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents* will be of superior quality, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to the smoker, or its sale would be limited to the first trial.

The contest is a method of introducing and advertising this brand of cigars, adopted by The Million Cigar Co., and the aim of the Company, as its name implies, is to sell One Million *\$5,000 Cigars for Ten Cents* between now and October 11th next. Therefore the cigar must be good, else how could we do it?

As above stated the sum of Five Thousand Dollars is now on deposit, with the distinct stipulation that the amount can be drawn only by persons earning it according to the rules of the contest, by order of the Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis.

The next time you buy a cigar ask for the *\$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents*, and an estimate card will be given you, free of charge. Anyone wishing to make an estimate without purchasing a *\$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents* may do so by paying 15c for an official estimate card.

It may be a few days before your dealer will have these cigars in stock, but an effort will be made to place them as rapidly as possible.

THE MILLION CIGAR CO.,

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